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THE  
RATIONAL METHOD  
IN  
READING

BY  
EDWARD G. WARD

FIRST READER

PART I  
SIGHT AND PHONETIC READING

PART II  
SIGHT AND PHONETIC READING

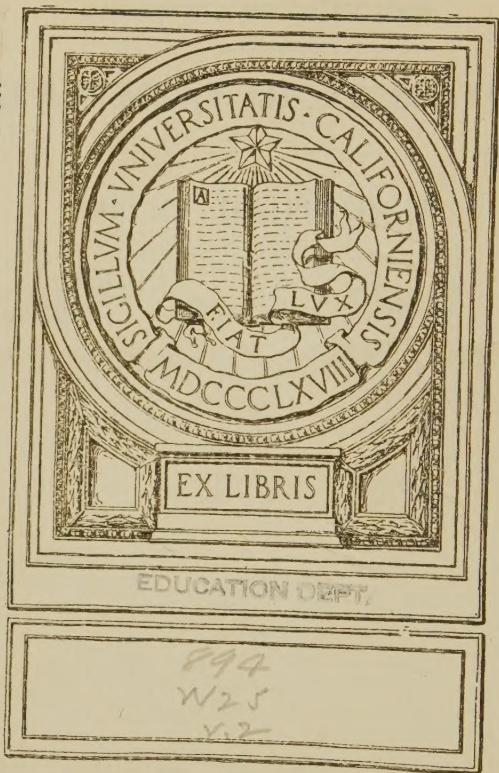
SILVER BURDETT & COMPANY

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PICTURE FOR A STORY

# THE RATIONAL METHOD IN READING

*AN ORIGINAL PRESENTATION OF SIGHT AND SOUND WORK  
THAT LEADS RAPIDLY TO INDEPENDENT AND  
INTELLIGENT READING*

BY

EDWARD G. WARD

SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, BROOKLYN, N.Y.

*ASSISTED IN THE PREPARATION OF THE LESSONS BY*  
MRS. ELLEN E. KENYON-WARNER

## First Reader

(SECOND HALF-YEAR'S WORK)

PART I. SIGHT AND PHONETIC READING. LARGELY REVIEW EXERCISES  
PART II. SIGHT AND PHONETIC READING. ADVANCE WORK



SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY

NEW YORK

BOSTON

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# THE RATIONAL METHOD IN READING.

First  
Year.

## PRIMER.

*Material: Conversations.*

PART I.—Reading by the Word Method.

PART II.—Sight and Phonetic Reading Combined.

## FIRST READER.

*Material: Conversations and Stories.*

PART I.—Sight and Phonetic Reading. Largely Review Exercises.

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Second  
Year.

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## MANUAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR TEACHERS.

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## PREFACE.

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THE special purpose of the Primer and the first two Readers in this series is to put the child, within a year and a half from his entrance into school, into possession of a complete *key* to English Reading; so that, should his schooling then cease, his ability to read would nevertheless "grow with his growth and strengthen with his strength."

The method here introduced is a combination of the word (or sentence) method and the phonetic method. It differs in many essential respects from any before presented, the differences being based upon principles not hitherto clearly understood, or, at any rate, not properly recognized.

The books provide material for part of the work, and indicate, therefore, but part of the method. The rest, both work and method, must be sought in the *Manual*, without a careful perusal of which *no one should attempt to use the books*. The study of the *Manual*, though so important a matter, will not be found difficult, since the directions are comparatively few, are logically grouped, and are clearly and simply expressed.

Those who would have success in the use of the books should follow these directions implicitly during the first year. They will then know the method, and understand the underlying principles, well enough to be safe in making such deviations from the beaten track as may seem to them good.

The *method* embodied in the series is an outgrowth of the author's study, observation, and experimentation in the public schools of Brooklyn; the *lessons* are mainly the work of *Mrs. Ellen E. Kenyon-Warner*, whose rare skill and patience, no less than her practical acquaintance with class-room work, have rendered her an invaluable assistant.

The publishers have beautified each book by the insertion of two reproductions of famous paintings and two colored story-pictures. These should be used as material for language lessons.

AUGUST, 1896.

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## TO THE TEACHER.

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It is absolutely useless to put children into this book unless

1. They *know* all the sight-words and phonograms presented in the Primer,—and
2. Are skillful enough in “the blend” to determine readily any word made up of not more than three or four of said phonograms.

If, therefore, your pupils have been imperfectly prepared for this book in the grade below,—or, if having been well prepared, they have had a long vacation between that grade and yours,—your first care must be to review and perfect the work of that grade, *whatever time it may require*.

If they have not been prepared at all, *i.e.* have not been taught by the Rational Method, you must, of course, prepare them *ab initio*. No matter what their grade may be, the best of all ways to do this is to put them through the Primer in strict accordance with the directions given in the Manual for the *first* half-year’s work, except that instead of beginning with the blackboard and learning all the words in Part I. in advance, they should begin with the book itself, and learn the new words as they become necessary.

At the beginning of a term, though the scholars from the grade below come to you well prepared, you will probably receive a number of *new scholars* who know nothing of this method. Meet the difficulty involved in this circumstance, thus:—

During the first month of the term, teach the new scholars, by means of special drills, all the words and phonograms found in the following (Primer) lists. Let them also, of course, participate in the regular reading of the class, but do not expect their reading during this month to be good. From the beginning of the second month, the class should be able to work as a unit.

### THE PRIMER VOCABULARY.

#### *Words.*

A, again, ail, all, am, an, and, any, apple, are, arm, as, at, ate, — be, bird, boy, bread, but, by, — can, come, corn, could, cow, — day, did, do, does, dog,

down, drink, — each, eat, egg, end, ever, — for, Frank, from, fruit, full, — get, girl, give, go, goes, good, grass, — hand, has, have, he, heard, her, here, him, his, home, horse, how, — I, if, ill, in, is, it, — Jack, — kind, — let, like, look, — make, me, milk, Mr., much, — no, not, now, — of, old, on, one, other, out, over, — picture, play, put, — said, saw, see, seed, she, some, stay, — take, tell, than, that, the, them, there, they, thing, think, this, to, too, — up, us, — want, was, water, way, we, well, were, wet, what, where, which, who, will, wing, with, work, — yes, you.

### *Phonograms.*

ā, — e, ck, cr, cl, — ē, er, ers, — f, — ī, ight, ights, ing, ings, — k, — l, — m, — n, — ō, ō, — p, pl, pr, — r, — s, s, — t, tr, — ŷ.

(These phonograms should be taught or reviewed in the order in which they are presented in the *Manual*, and not in the alphabetical or reference order in which they are given above.)

Never have any lesson read by your scholars until you have specially prepared them for it in accordance with the following directions: —

1. Select from the lesson all the phonetic (marked) words that contain more than three phonograms each, and about a dozen of the shorter phonetic words. 2. Write or print these words on the blackboard, marked as in the book, and have them read by the scholars a number of times. Your experience will soon teach you how much repetition is necessary. 3. In the main, give the harder words to the bright scholars and the easier ones to the dull scholars. If you would not have the dull remain dull, give them plenty of work (always easy) to do.

This exercise will constitute at once a preparation for the lesson and the “blend-drill” for the day.

A day or two before reaching a lesson that introduces a *new* phonogram, teach said new phonogram, and practice your scholars in its use by having them read (from the blackboard) a number of words taken from the *Manual* list over which said phonogram appears. Do not teach any new phonogram more than a day or two in advance of the lesson in which it is first presented.

Finally, — Do not attempt the use of this or any other book of this series until you have thoroughly digested the instructions given in the *Manual*, pp. 5–15.



WHO'LL BUY A RABBIT?

Meyer von Bremen.



# FIRST READER.

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*SIGHT AND PHONETIC READING COMBINED.*

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## PART I.

### LESSON 1.

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TO THE TEACHER. — See paragraphs 2 and 3 on page 13 of the Manual ; also Phonetic List No. 10.

Now, boys and girls, ăttend to me. Ėăps öff, boys. Ëyēs this way. What have I in mȳ hand, Kate?

Yes, it is an ăster. What kind of lēaf has it? Is it a nărrōw lēaf? Tell me, Măck?

What is that you săy? It is not an ăster? And has no lēaf at all? Stand in the corner. You are not a good boy.

Sit up, Anŋ. This is no tīmē for a năp. What were you thinking of?



No, Sam, Kate did not slăp you. I saw and heard it all. You were out of your seat. You are not a good boy. Give me your hand. How many răps do you want? That will do for this tîmø. Now go to your seat and be good.

Māy, you were not here yesterday. Where were you? And you are öftēn late. What is the rēāson of that?

That will not do for an answer. You do not æt right. Stand up. Now tōē that crăck. Stay there till I tell you to go.

What have you in your lăp, Anŋ? Give it to me. You must not play here. You must do as I sāy. I am your teacher.

Now, boys and girls, take out your slates. We will play it is răĭning. Lăy the slates down. Put your hands over them, sō. Now tăp on them with your nails.

Yes, Măy, I see your hand up. I know what you want to sāy. You heard it răĭning. But it was play răĭn. It will not wet you. You cannot go out in it. So put your hand down, plēase. And take ōff that wrăp. You must not kēēp it on in here. If you do, you will take cold.



Ōtŋō has a eat on his slate. I did not tell him to make that. He must stand in this corner.

Now, littlē Nan, tell me this. Where did the răĭn come from? Where was it be fōrē we heard it falling?

Yes, it was in the skȳ. That is a good answer. Who can tell me where tăllōw comes from?

No, not from candleſ. We make candleſ of tăllōw.

But where do we get the tǎllōw? That is right, Ōtŭō. We get some of it from sheēp. Now you māy come out of the corner.

Măck, be still. Do not make it rāĭn any mōrē. It is tīmē for it to stōp. The skȳ is clēār. You are all good boys and girls. I think I will let you play now.



## LESSON 2.

ice	wind	shall
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The crēek is full of ice. Māy I go and skate on it?

No, littlē one. The wind is too cōld for you. Jack Fröst is here. He cāmē in the night. By daylight there was ice in the water pail. There was ice in the milk-can, too.

Yes, mother, and there is some here, too. See it on the windōw pānē. Shall I clēan it off?

No, Jack. If you do, mōrē will come. Your nāmē-sākē is at hand. He has come to stay, I fēār.

You mēan Jack Fröst. Did pēōplē nāmē him for me? How could they? Jack Fröst is older than you.



I see he is not m̄y nāme-sāke. You did not intend me to think he was. How does he get here?

He sails on the wind.



I think I heard him coming. It was one o'clock at night. I heard something rattle the windows. Does he do that?

No, that was the wind. Jack Fröst is slyer than

that. You never hear him at work. See the ice on the trēps. He put it there in the night. He eāme with the rāīn, you see. Slēet was falling, too. We shall have snow by tēa tīme.

I shall not like that. It will fall on the ice. I cannot skate on the snow.

But you can make a snow eāstle. There will be no lack of play. You can make tracks in the snow. You can pīle it in heaps.

Ōh, yes! that will be nice play. I shall call Mat to play with me. We were playing in the snow one day. I saw him fall on his noſe. He did not cry. He lay still for a tīme. I said, “Mat, get up.” He said, “Slāp me, Jack; slāp me well. That will make me get up.”

I did slāp him. He did get up. We saw you at the windōw. You eāme to call us in to supper. You saw what fīne play we were having. There were pan-eākes for supper that night. They were good. I ate fōur.

Yes, mȳ boy, I know you like them. And sō does Mat. I heard him sȳ sō at the tīme. We shall have mōre some day.

## LESSON 3.

sell	new	when
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When am I to have a new wrăp, mother? This old one is getting too light for the season. The wind is cold to-day. There is ice on the lake, too.

I shall get you one to-morrow. We will go down to Mr. Knăpp's store for it.

Does Mr. Knăpp sell wrăps? I knew he sold nice things to eat. But wrăps are not to eat.

You have not seen his new store. He still kēps things to eat. But he now sells eăps and wrăps, too. Some of them he puts in the window. We will look at the eăps and cloaks.

Does he sell mitts and socks?

Yes, I shall get mitts for you and Kate. I shall get Jack some new socks, too.

How many new things we must have! When are you going to get them all?

When I get the wrăp for you. I shall get them all at one time.

Will you go if it is cold?

Not if there is much wind. Is there much ice on the lākē?

Well, one could not skate on it. But there will be mōrē to-mōrrōw. The wind is getting colder. It is not a nice day.

In that easē, I shall not go out to-day. We will get the new wṛăp to-mōrrōw.



## LESSON 4.

ic	ick	ip
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TO THE TEACHER. — See paragraphs 2 and 3 on page 13 of the Manual; also Phonetic List No. 11.

Mīlēṣ Nīchōlēṣ was a lītlē boy. He could skip the rōpē like a girl. I never saw him trip. And he could skate, but not alōnē. He could do many eōmic things, too. His tricks would oftēn make me smīlē.

Did you ever see him slip on the ice?

No; I saw him tryīng to skate one day. When he saw me, he said, “ Ōh, Nīck! Come and take mȳ hand. That will kēēp me from fallīng.”



“Ōh, yes!” I said; “but what will you give me if I do? Will you sell me your new skates?”

He put out his lip as if to cr̄y.  
“Ōh, no!” he said, “I could not do without them.”

“Well, here is m̄y hand,” I said. “I will teach you without p̄āy.”



Mother, what is a mech̄anic?

One who works with his hands.

Mr. Mōrrōw is a mech̄anic. He makes and mends locks. Sō is Mr. Pōst, the pōtter. Sō is Mr. Lamb, the p̄ānter.

I want to be a mech̄anic, mother. I like to work with m̄y hands. I shall be a clōck m̄aker when I am a man. Yes, I shall be a clōck m̄aker.

I shall have a stōrē and sell clōcks. I shall have many. They will all s̄āy the



sāmē thing. It will be, tick-töck, tick-töck. Will you come to m̄y stōrē, mother? Will you let me sell you a clöck?

Yes, m̄y boy, if you make good clöcks. A clöck must kēēp good timē, you know. If it does not, no one wants it.

Yes, I know, mother. M̄y clöcks shall all be good. I will make no other kind.



## LESSON 5.

don't	such	our
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Don't lēān out of the windōw, Tōm. You are not good when you do that. I do not like such tricks. You will fall if you do sō. Do you want to be a cripple?

Here is your rice and milk. Eat that, like a good boy. Don't you want a slice of bread?

Come, Tōm! Come away from the windōw. There is too much wind. We don't want our little boy to be sick. Here! sip your milk and eat some bread.



When are we going to play  
in the attic?

When ever you like. Eat  
your rice and milk now. When  
you have eaten it, we will  
play. We shall have an hour  
before supper.

Did you put the trap  
in the attic?

Yes, the new one.

There māy be some  
mice in it. Ōh, they are  
such nice little things!  
I like to look at them.

Don't you?

Yes; but they don't like you  
and me. They fear us too much.  
And they don't like to be in the  
trap.

There māy not be any in the  
trap. If there are, I shall let them out.

Ōh, no, don't do that. Mother will not like it.  
They are such slȳ little things! They eat our rice



and flour and meal. I shall give them to Nick Mō~~o~~rē. He will take them to his teacher. She will let the boys and girls look at them.



## LESSON 6.

im	is
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TO THE TEACHER. — See paragraphs 2 and 3 on page 13 of the Manual ; also Phonetic List No. 12.

There goes Miss Sanders. How pālē she is! What makes her limp sō?

Don't you ~~k~~now, Nick? One day there was ice on the crēk. She was trying to cross it when——

When what? Did she slip and have a fall?

Yes; and it was such a fall! Mr. Simmōn~~s~~ and I saw it. We ran to the spōt. Miss Sanders could not get up.

How did you get her away?

I could not āssist our frīend much. But Mr. Simmōn~~s~~ could lift her alōnē. Her sister eāmē out to mēet us. I ran in for some water.



Did she fā<sup>h</sup>nt?

No; but she could not stand. That was fō<sup>u</sup>r weeks ago. Now she can go out a lō<sup>n</sup>e. But she has to have a cā<sup>n</sup>e. Her limbs are sō weak.



## LESSON 7.

TO THE TEACHER. — See paragraphs 2 and 3 on page 13 of the Manual.

M̄ nā<sup>m</sup>e is Ōt<sup>t</sup>ō. I am a small boy. Did you hear me coming?

M̄ mother tells me to lift m̄ heels. I do. Can you hear them come down?

M̄ sōck wants mending. It is wet, too. I ōften get m̄ fēet wet.

Do you see that rō<sup>ck</sup> out there? Do you see the mō<sup>s</sup>s on it? That mō<sup>s</sup>s is wet. If I play there, I wet m̄ fēet.

What is the matter with this lōck? I'll mend it, if you like.

Isn't that a good ōffer? I know how, if I am small. Mother tells me I am a little man.



I know how Rōsē knits mȳ mitts. She fits them well. She knits little mats, too, for sālē. She sits knitting all day.

I know how mother lights the firē. She will not let me do it. She thinks I am too small.

I know how Anā milks the cows. I can give ōats to the horse. He eats them all up. He follōws me all over the lōt. I must go in now.

Some one is knocking. It is Rōllō. I will let him in. I will offer him this rocker.

Now the small boy is ill. He cannot rōmp and play to-day. It is not good to have wet fēet.

Take him on your knēē. Let him lean on you. Rock him to slēep. Slēep, Öttō, slēep; it will do you good.

Will the little man be ill all night?

Open your eyes, Öttō. It is not night any mōrē. I have put out the light. The little man is all well. Isn't that good?

I will get you some sōap and water. There! now I must get Nat up.

## LESSON 8.

I am an āpē. I am somewhat like you.

Do you see m̄ ēyēs and ēār₃? Do you see m̄ arms and hands?

You eat fruit. Sō do I. I like rīpē apples as well as you.

You like to play. Sō do I. See me lēap to that rōpē. I have good musclēs, I tell you. Do you not think sō?

What is that thing? A lamp, did you s̄y? I want to handlē it.

Is it a plaything? Will you get it for me? Do you know what it is for? I do not. What is that you s̄y? to give light?



We āpēs cannot make things like that. We have hands, but we cannot think much.

Do you not think we are good-looking? We do not think *you* are. Your noſe is not flat like mīnē. Your skin is too light. Your hands and arms are too small. Your form is not finē like mīnē. No, you are not good-looking at all.

Are you there still, Tōm?

You see I know your nāmē. You are Tōm Lēē. You have a dog. He likes to sp̄y out rats.

He is a small dog. You can take him in your arms. You can pat him with your hand.

You take him all over with you. Sometimes you tīrē him out. He līēs down, panting with the heat. There he is now. I know his nāmē, too. No, it is not Pōll; it is Snāp.

Pōll is your tāmē bird. She has wings. She is not a mōcking bird. She does not mōck other birds. She mōcks you and the other boys.

I know mōrē than you think I do. I see you looking at me. I can hear what you s̄ay.

That is a tin pail on your arm. I know what you have in it. I can pēēp into it.

Did you fill the pail? You did not tīē it up tight. Look out! You will spill something out of it.

There is some apple pīē in it. I spȳ it and I want some. Did you pēēl the apples? Did you put the pīē in the pan?

You have some pōrk and beāns in there. I see some pēās and beēts, too.

What kind of meat is that? Is it beēf? You did not ōmīt anything, did you?

What is in that littlē can? I think it is tēā. Did you pōūr it out of the tēā-pōt? Have you any bread and butŧer there?

Do not pōkē me with that pōlē. And do not stāy there forever. Tōssē me an apple and go away. Go and spin your tōp. Do not take the pail with you. Put it somewhere nēār me. I like to look at it.



## LESSON 9.

Put up your hands, Jack. They are wet, but mīnē are wetŧer. Mȳ arms are wet, too. Did you spill that water on the matŧing?

No, but I will mōp it up.



Do, befōre it has tīme to sōak in. Did it lēak from this pail?

No, from this one. See, the pail is lēaking still. What ails this mōp? It is as stiff as the handlē.

It wants wetting. Take it to the spout and wet it.



You look pālē, Rōsē. What is the matter?

I have pāin in mȳ arm. I ran this stēel into it. I cannot put mȳ hand up.

Can you ōpen your hand?

Yes, but it is a littlē lāmē.

Is it the upper arm that is sōrē?

No, it is the lōwer arm. See, it is nēar the hand.

I see you have something wet on it. I suppōse mother put it on. It will make your arm well in tīme. I'l fan you if you like. I'l fan all the gnats away.

How many there are! Where do they all come from? Have they wings?

Yes, but they are small wings. Gnats are like little flies.

If they are like flies, they have wings. Go away from us, little gnats. We do not want you near us.

It is supper time. Rose is ringing for the farm hands. They will come in and eat with us. Here are seats for them all.

What a pile of plates! Put one on this tray. Put some corn on it. Now some pork and beans.

Give it to Nat Morse.

Here is a treat for you, Nat. This beef is tender. Take some beets, too. There is bread and butter before you. Try to make a good meal.

Give Nat the milk, An. Give him all he wants. This supper is plain but good.



## LESSON 10.

I saw Mr. Morse plant that tree. It is a seedling. Some day it will be a tall tree. I saw the seed.

Did the trēē come from an ācorn?

It did. It is an ōāk trēē. All ōāks come from ācorns and all ācorns come from ōāks.

Each plant has its seed. There is a seed in that peach.

Pēēl the peach and eat it. Fling the seed down any where.

It will līē still for a tīmē. Many rāīns will fall on it. By-and-by it will ōpen. What do you think will come from it?

I will tell you. A little peach trēē will come up. Mōst trēēs come from seeds.

I saw a peach trēē in Mr. Mōōrē's lōt. I saw some small fruit on it. That fruit will rīpen lāter than yours. The trēē is small. I can reach the fruit with my hand. I never saw fruit lōwer on a trēē.

What kind of fruit is it?

Well, well! Do you not know? What kind do you think it is? Do apples come on peach trēēs?

You did not take my meaning. Is it *good* fruit? That is what I want to know.

It is not fit to eat. See! There is a trēē without a lēaf. It has not a peach on it. It will never have

any mōre. Its lifē is over. Nat must saw it down. He will saw it up for the firē. That is all it is good for now.

## LESSON 11.

I am a little ant. Don't get in m̄ way, plēase! I have m̄ work to do.

Look at that pīlē of sand. M̄ mates and I put it there.



We have no time to play with you. Go and play with your lamḅ. Take her up in your arms. I think her mother will let you.

Lamḅs don't have any work to do. They don't know as much as we.

I saw Māy fling some bread down there. I want to get some of it. M̄ mates and I will take it away.

We will not eat it all now. Ants know too much for that. We will lay some away.

We work for what we eat. Each of us does all he can. We never think of playing. We don't have time for that.

This ant is a friend of mine. See me speak to him. You cannot hear me speak. I do it with my feelers. You never saw people speak that way.

If one ant meets another, he does so. Ants' ways are not like yours. They don't play. They don't speak as you do. They work, work, work, all day.

I am a bee. I am somewhat like the ant. I work all day. You don't see how I can, do you?



Well, you are not a bee, you see. I do not pout over my work. Do you know any one that does?

Now, do you want to know what I make? Well, think of something sweet, sweet, sweet. Do you know what I mean? Yes, I see you do.

For whom do you think I make it? I do not make it for you. I put it by. You come and take it from me.



Mȳ mates and I never think of play. We work all the tīme.

Who, do you think, makes us work? No one makes us. Bees work without making. We like to work. We sing as we work. Do you not hear me singing now?

Well, what do you think we work for? It is to have something to eat. Not now, but by and by. Some day the snow will come. Snow is not good to eat.

Now do you know what we work for? And who takes what we make? Who gets the mōst of it? I want to know where it goes.

Don't go away, little girl. Answer me befōre you go. I will not sting you.

Tell me who takes mȳ sweets. Tell me befōre you sāy good by.



## LESSON 12.

**TO THE TEACHER.** — See paragraphs 2 and 3 on page 13 of the Manual.

Did you call me, mother?

Yes, I did. Stōp your eāpers and come here. I

want you to ōpen the clams. Clēan all the clāy from them. Go right to work, like a good boy.

How can the clams clōse up sō tight? Does it kill them to ōpen them?

Yes, I think it does.

Where did Mr. Scōt~~t~~ get them? At the crēek?

No, they eā~~m~~ from the eō~~ast~~.

How many we have! This stō~~n~~ crōck is full.

Don't ōpen them with that eā~~s~~ knīf, Tōm. What a boy you are! Go in and get the clam knīf.

Mat has eatēn his apple. I saw him fling the eō~~r~~ away. I saw some rī~~p~~ seeds in it. I never saw such rī~~p~~ seeds be~~for~~.

We can plant the seeds and have trēes.

Will apple trēes come up from them? Will there be one for each seed? Who will ōwn them? Will they be mī~~n~~?

Mat does not want them. That's good. Nōw they'll be mī~~n~~.

Don't kill the little trēes, Mat. Let them come up for me. What is to kēep me from ōwning them? If I do, I'll be a fruit farmer!

The trēes will come up by and by. Who will have some of m̄ apples?

Apple skins are not good to eat. And we do not eat the eōre. Such things are good for horses and cows.

Öt̄ō wants his eōm. Now give him his mitts.

Tell him it is cold. He must put on his overeōat. That eāpe will not do. It is such a little eāpe.

Is he going to see Mr. Seōt̄? He must not go nēar the trāin.

There is snow on the rails. He must not get his fēet wet.

Don't tramp over the snow, Öt̄ō. Go by the lake, if you can. Don't tr̄y to skate on it. Don't think of such a thing.

Buttōn your eōat up tight. Take your little eāne with you. Stōp at the stōre. Tell the stōre-keeper we want some eōal. Get me some mōre eōttōn like this.

Now don't take all day to go. Be off, and don't stōp for anything. You are such a slōw boy! The cold often kills snails. You didn't know that, did you?

## LESSON 13.

TO THE TEACHER. — See paragraphs 2 and 3 on page 13 of the Manual.



Clēar the trăck! The trăin is coming!

This is the right spōt. Stōp the trăin. Let us get ōff. We'rē going to eamp out.

Here we are! Clăp your hands, boys. Fling up your eăps. Flăp your wings and crōw.

Here, Snăp, let me pat you a littlē. That's a good dog! Now look over there. Do you see m̄y eăp? Go and get it for me.

Here is a fallen tree. And here is another. Let's put the small one on top, so. There! Now we can play see-saw.

I see some old slats. We will make a fire with them.

This narrow one has a crack in it. Jack will make some arrows out of it.

Hand me one of the slats, please. I want to knock down some pinecones.



There is no lack of rocks here. See how flat this one is. Let us camp on it. It is as good as any.

Oh, what a lot of asters! Where did you get them, Mary?

What is the matter with Ann? Has she lost her wrap?

No, she has the wrap. I do not know what ails her.

Don't cry, Ann. Tell me what ails you. Did that goat frighten you?

Yes. He wants to play with me. He butts me. I don't like that kind of play. It tires me out. Please make him stop.



## LESSON 14.

I am a cow. See me swing mȳ tail. I do sō to kēp the flēs ōff. There are not many to-day. There is too much wind.

I like to be out in the wind. See it tōss the trēs. See that nār~~ōw~~ lēaf spin in the wind.

It is too cold for the lambs. It is not too cold for me.

I am not a crōss cow. You must not seold me. I trȳ to do right. I kēp still when An~~h~~ milks me. I want to æt like a good beast.

I give good milk. You can see the crēam rīse on it. Rōse takes the crēam ōff the milk. You never saw such crēam in your līfe. Some of it is for the cōffēe. Mōst of it is for butter.

I want An~~h~~ to milk me now. This is mȳ windōw. I will lāy mȳ nōse on the windōw sill. When An~~h~~ sees me, she will come.

I don't ōftēn look at the skȳ. I see it now. There will be mōre snow, I think.

The wind is colder than ever. When it is too cold, I come in. I cāme in here to look for Anŋ.



I don't want that windōw ōpen now. Hear it crēak. Do you think Anŋ will clōse it?

Fēel how the wind pōurs in! It comes in at that crăck, too. It mōans and mōans in the trēes.

See the kittēn crēep in by the fīre. See the smōke go up. See the wind play with it. Hear the crōws eall.

That old horse has a cramp. Hear him! He is ill with the cold, I think. His windōw is ōpen. When will they come to him?

Come, right away, some of you pēople! Do something for the old horse. When, when will you come? Ōh, here is Anŋ! She has the milk pail.

Don't crē now, old horse. Anŋ will clōse your windōw. She'll ăttend to you right away.

## LESSON 15.

Has any one told you the news? Töm Pratt has löst his new eōāt. It was taken away from the räck. It was stōlēn in the night.

Töm put it there Friday night. A little lāter it was not there. Who, do you think, has stōlēn it?

Do you know how much the eōāt eöst?

I have known, but I forget. It eāmē from Mr. Pāynē's stōrē. Mr. Pāynē sold it to Töm's mother.

I was there at the tīmē. I saw the eōāt in the windōw. Mr. Pāynē let Töm try it on. It was a good fit.

I saw Töm's mother pāy for it. I knew he must like it. And now it is löst.

Don't tell me any mōrē. I don't think the eōāt was stōlēn. Töm did not put it on the räck. He cannot reach the räck. He forgets where he put it. No one has stōlēn it.

Here comes Töm with the eōāt on. I knew it was not löst. See, it is tōrn. There is pāynt on it, too.

Who tōrē your new eōāt, Tōm? Where did you put it Frīday nīght?

Plēase don't seold me. Mother let me play in mȳ new eōāt. I was playing with Rōllō. I tōrē the eōāt on that nail. I didn't mean to do sō.

I sat down on that stool. There was a pōt of pāīnt nēār by. I didn't know it was going to spill.

By and by I rōsē to go in. The pāīnt was all over mȳ new eōāt. That was fīnē work!

Mother put the eōāt away. She did not want to look at it. She put it out of her sīght. How mean I did fēel! I cāmē nēār cryīng.

She will mend the eōāt, I know. The pāīnt she cannot get ōff. Did you ever see such a good mother? I fēār I ōften tīrē her out.

I must not make mother sō much work. I must trȳ to be good to her.

I must not lītter the clēan floōr. I must kēēp away from pāīnt pōts. I must kēēp away from nails. I must not rōmp sō much.

I have no new eōāt now. But the eōāt is not lōst. Who told you it was? Nat tells what he does not know. He must not do sō.

## LESSON 16.

Mr. Lēē kēēps a stōrē. Shall I tell you what kind of stōrē? I'll tell you what he kēēps for sālē.

He kēēps beefsteāk and trīpē. He kēēps lamb and pōrk. He sells all kinds of meat.

He kēēps the meat on ice. The ice kēēps it from getting stālē.

Shall I tell you any mōrē? Do you know the kind of stōrē now? Do you spend much in his stōrē?

Mr. Pratt kēēps a stōrē, too. Shall I tell you what he sells?

Well, he sells tacks and nails. He sells pans and tin cans. You can get a stēēl knīfē there.

He kēēps pōts and pails. He sells forks and rōlling pins. He sells pōkers, rākēs, and other tools.

Such things kēēp without ice. Mr. Pratt does not take ice. What kind of stōrē has he?

You are right. Now tell me this:

I shall kēēp a stōrē some day. What kind of stōrē shall I have?



I shall sell bread and rōlls. I shall sell pīes and cākēs. I shall make things of corn meal. I shall make things of oat meal. They will all be nice.

I will make you a fine loaf. The price will be small. I shall keep spice-cākēs. I must have a trap for the mice.

Now, what kind of store will mine be?

You must keep store, too. You must have beets for sale. You must have apples and other fruit.

You must sell tea and coffee. You must keep milk and butter. You can get such things from the farmers. You will have to keep ice.

You must sell corn and peas. You must sell bird seed. You must keep rice and sago.

What kind of store will yours be?

Mary shall keep store, too. She shall have another line of goods.

She will have things for knitting. She will sell lamp mats and mittens. She will have fans and note paper. She will sell pins and combs.

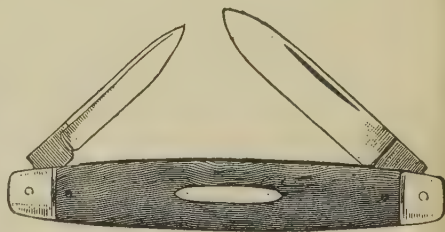
She will keep socks and stockings. She will sell

eōats and clōaks. Wŕaps for old pēople and for littlē fōlks. She will have satins and cōtton goods.

What kind of stōrē will hers be?

Now, Jack, what is your stōrē to be?

You māy sell  
all kinds of play-  
things. You must  
have rattles and  
tōps. You māy  
sell me a good  
jack-knīfē.



You must kēep slates and pāper kītēs. You can sell skates, too, if you like. Don't you think you'll have fīnē tīmēs?

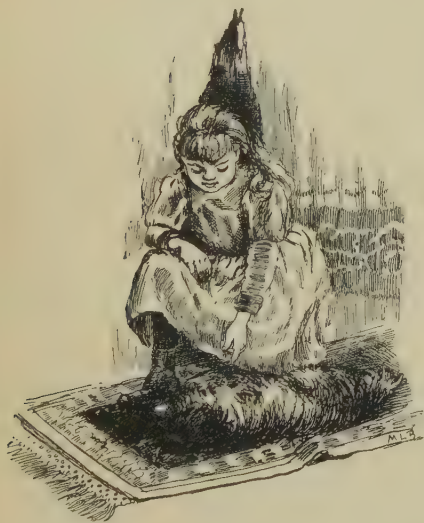
The stōrēs must all be neat. We must not make pēople pāy too much. We must treat them well. That will make them come oftēn.

We will try to plēasē them. They will want what we have to sell.

They will prāisē the goods. They will spēak well of us. They will send others to us.

## LESSON 17.

TO THE TEACHER. — See paragraphs 2 and 3 on page 13 of the Manual.



This is m̄y littl dog,  
Tip. I'm teaching him to  
play tricks.

He can pick up sticks.  
He can get a peach at the  
stōrē. He can pāy for it  
with this nickel.

See him lick m̄y hand  
and arm. Did you ever see  
such a nice dog?

Get mother's slippers for  
her, Tip. Now play you  
are sick. Liē down like a sick dog. That's the way.

Now, what did you eat, yesterday? Didn't I tell  
you not to eat pickles? I have told you a seōrē of  
tīmes.

Don't tell me the kitten ate them! The kitten  
isn't sick. What a littl seamp you are!

Here, take this milk and water. Now I shall tie you up in the attic.

Little Nick is a cripple.

One day he was playing on the ice. Mr. Crane saw him slip and fall. He ran to pick him up.

It was too late. Nick will never be well any more.

He did not cry. He lay still in Mr. Crane's arms. He told Mr. Crane where to take him.

He was in a faint when I saw him. He spoke no more for many days. The pain was too much for him.

For nine days he knew no one. Have you ever lain ill for nine days?

When he came to, he spoke to his mother. His tone was soft and low. He was still too weak to say much. I saw him try to raise his hand. He let it fall on his pillow. What a sick boy he was! His fall came near killing him.

He looks ill now. See how pale his lips are. He cannot go tripping by as he did.

No more skating for little Nick! No more climbing for him! His knee will never be well. He is lame for life.

## LESSON 18.

TO THE TEACHER. — See paragraphs 2 and 3 on page 13 of the Manual.

Miss Lēē is m̄y teacher. She knows much mōre than any of us. She is teaching Tōm his Primer.

She trims all her ōwn wraps. She keeps bees, and they never sting her.

She is little Nick's sister. She takes him out rōw-ing in a skiff. Do you know whose skiff it is?

She knows old Sim, the pōtter. She knows where he gets his clay. She knows what he makes of it. She knows what makes him limp sō, too.

It is the rāin. It makes his limbs stiff. It makes them ache, too. It gives him pāin in his wrists.

Is that Miss Lēē spēaking? If sō, we must all listen. I want to hear what she has to s̄ay.

She is telling us how to writē Mister. We must writē it without sō many letters.

This is the way to writē it: *M̄r.* Don't forget how to end it. It is as simple as simple can be.

Here is little Nick. What a slim little boy he is!



What a fin skin he has! He lisps a littl. Does he limp as much as he did?

No, but he will never go without limping.

I like him ever sō much. I want to take him up in m̄y arms. I want to kiss his littl lips.

With all his pā'n, he is never cröss. Who was ever sō sweet as littl Nick?



## LESSON 19.

W

TO THE TEACHER. — See paragraphs 2 and 3 on page 13 of the Manual; also Phonetic List No. 13.

Clōs the windōw and kēp the wind out. I want to sift this flour for the cāk. Hand me the sifter, if you plēas. Where is the sour milk?

Our supper tīm is nēar at hand. We must have some clam fritters. Tim, will you ōpen the clams for me? Do it right away, like a good boy.

The rim of this pan is not clēan. I must seour it.

Where is the can ōpēner? What is this simmering in the pōt, Rōs?

It is fruit. It must simmer an hour.

All right, Rōse. What time is it now? Look at the clock, please.

Sam, hand me that skimmer. Now you may go to the store for me. I want a good many things. Get paper, and make a list of them.

What are you waiting for? Wake up, little boy. We cannot waste so much time. Is your list all written?

Did you put down a lamp wick? Don't forget the twilling. That is to line my new wāist with. I must make it this week. The old one is worn out.

Is there a mat at the store? If so, wipe your feet on it.

If the store-keeper is there, tell him what you want. If he is not there, tell his wife. He was not well the other day.

Tell him to send old Tim some coal. The old man is sick and cannot work. We must not let him want a fire.

Get all the things on your list. Do not forget one. Let the store-keeper wrap them in paper. He will tie them up with twine.

## LESSON 20.

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TO THE TEACHER. — See paragraphs 2 and 3 on page 13 of the Manual; also Phonetic List No. 14.

Esther and Ělěn are sisters.

Esther is full of good sěnsě. She is older than Ělěn. She is the wisest of littlě girls.

Ělěn is full of play. No one calls her Ělěn. We all call her Littlě Nělł.

Nělł is her sister's pět. Esther lets her něstlě up clōsě to her. She takes her in her arms. She sěts her on her kněě. She kissěs her fat littlě něck.

Nělł will sāy, "Tell me something nice." What do you suppōsě she means? What does she want Esther to tell her?

Esther tells her not one, but těn. No less than těn will do. Těn what, littlě frīend?

Our littlě missěs have a fīně těnt. They like to play in it. One day it fěll upon them. The wind upsět it. How do you suppōsě they fělt? Do you think they wěpt?



Esther was fēārless. She k̄new the tēnt was light. When Nēll saw this, she did not cr̄y. They wēnt up into the attic to play.

But the attic windōw was pānēless. In eāmē the wēst wind. Down to the firē wēnt the littlē girls. They did not want any sickness.

Will eāmē in, sāying, “See this w̄rēn’s nēst. It was on the grass. It is a merē w̄rēck.”

The wind w̄rēcks tēnts and nēsts. It is not kind to w̄rēn̄s. Where do you suppōsē the littlē w̄rēn was?

## LESSON 21.

said	found
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“Where did you get the nest?” said Esther.

“I found it in Mōrē’s Lānē,” said Will.

“It has a stēm,” said littlē Nēll.

“Ōh, no!” said Will. “This is an ōāk stēm stick-ing to it. The nest was in an ōāk trēē. I found it nēār one.”

“Listen to the wind,” said Esther. “There are mōrē nests in the trēēs. We shall see them all by and by.”

“Will they all fall down?” said Nēll.

“No, not at all,” said Esther. “This is what I mean: the trēēs will be lēāfless in winter. When they are, we can see the nests.”

“Ōh, that will be sō nice!” said Nēll. “We shall see the littlē birds, too. The old ones will give them things to eat.”

“What! in the winter?” said Esther. “No, no; there will be no littlē ones. Littlē birds do not come in winter. It is too cold.”



"Come here," said Will. "Let us look out of the windōw. Other things are falling from our trēes. They are good to eat. Don't you see them on the grass?"

"I see them," said Esther. "They swell and crack ōpen with the frōst. Go out and get some, Will."

What do you suppōse Will found? Where do you think he found them? What kind of trēes did they fall out of? Do you think it was eold that day?

No mōre playing in the tēnt this sēason.



## LESSON 22.

Terminal d
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TO THE TEACHER. — See paragraphs 2 and 3 on page 13 of the Manual; also Phonetic List No. 15.

"Come, Frēd," said Will; "find your slēd. See if it nēeds mending. We must give our littlē Tēd a rīdē."

Littlē Tēd rōdē like a man. But such horses you never saw.

They tried to go on all fours. They reared up and eyed each other. One fine steed crowed like a cock. The rocks by the rill echoed the crow. Těd's horses now sped on. They never rested.



"Stop!" cried Těd, calling his horses by name. He feared he might fall off.

One of them now played lame. The other became the leader. They did not keep to the road. They went from side to side.

"Such wild horses!" cried little Těd. "What are you stopping for now? You must not pelt each other with snow. Horses never do that."

The horses did not listen. Maybe they did not want to hear.

Něd came by and spoke to Těd.

"Your horses don't seem to mīnd," said he. "You seold them too much. You must be mīld with them. They nēd a littlē lēading. The snow has mādē them wīld."

He lēd the horses out of the pīlēd-up snow.

"Do you want your lōad lightenēd?" he said. "You eāmē nēar upsētting the slēd. You seem to forget that you have a rīder. If I ōwnēd you, I'd teach you to mīnd. Now go on, and make good spēēd."

The horses listēnēd to him. They sēt ōff down the rōad. The slēd skimmēd over the snow.

What a finē rīdē it was for Tēd!



## LESSON 23.

had	would
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Nēll would like to know how to rēad. If she had a primer, Esther would teach her. Suppōse you lend her yours.

Mīnē is a rēader. Didn't you know that? It would not do for Littlē Nēll. She must have something

mōre simple. She cannot rēad at all. She never had a lessōn in her lifē.

She would like to know how to writē, too. She cannot make one letter. Esther would teach her if she had a slate.

There is no lack of pāper. Esther does not nēed a slate. I wouldn't sāy "if" sō oftēn. Where there's a will, there's a way.

Pāint this spīkē. I would if I had pāint.

Rākē the firē. I would if I had a pōker.

Mend your stōckings. I would if I had a nēedlē.

*Get* pāint; *get* the pōker; *get* a nēedlē; *do* something.



## LESSON 24.

Terminal $\bar{d}$
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TO THE TEACHER. — See paragraphs 2 and 3 on page 13 of the Manual; also Phonetic List No. 16.

The eat has lāppēd̄ up all her milk.

I think you are mistaken. Some of it lēakēd̄ out of the pan.

Yes, but she licked mōst of that up. I mōppēd up the littlē that was lēft.

Who pickēd up the pan?

I did; and I sōakēd it well. I rinsēd it and wipēd it, too. Now it is tippēd up with the others. Do you think it nēeds to be seourēd?

No, littlē one; you have clēanēd it well. You are a nice, neat girl.



## LESSON 25.

home
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It was a cold winter night. The day's work was over. All the pēoplē were at home. Each was at his ōwn firē-sidē.

Frēd and Will had come in from work. Outsidē, all was still.

Insidē, the lamps were lit. The kēttlē was singing over the firē.

Supper was over. All the things were put away. All lookēd neat and home-like. The clōck tickēd on and on.



No one had any work to do. Mother's hands lāy in her lāp. We all sat looking at the fīrē.

Miss Lēē had stāid to tēā with us. She had the small rōcker. She rōcked to and frō befōrē the fīrē.



Rōsē was nēārest to her. She wēnt and knēlt by Miss Lēē's sīdē.

“What are you thinking of, Miss Lēē?”

It was mother who spokē. Miss Lēē answered with a smīlē.

“I was thinking of our homes,” said she. “It

is sō good to have a home. Sō many pēople have no homes."

"Yes," said mother with a sigh. "How sād it is! A cold night makes one think of the homeless."

"Don't let us be sād," said Nēd.

"No," said Frēd; "let's find something to do." And he told us all what to do.

He māde Rōse get her knitting. He put little Tēd into mother's arms. He sēnt Will for some nice, sweet pippins. They were to rōast. Will found some pōp-corn, too.

Frēd rākēd the firē. He found the corn-pōpper.

The boys pickēd the corn from the ēars. They put it into the pōpper.

They put it over the rēd eōals. They put the pippins nēar the eōals, too.



They had to tend the corn and pippins. Frēd did not take his ēyēs off them. They had to be rōllēd over and over.

"Now, Miss Lēe," said Frēd, "tell us something nice. Let it be a tālē of the West."

Miss Lē knew a good many wild tāles. She kēpt us listēning for a good hōur.

In the meāntīmē, the corn was pōppēd. The apples were rōāstēd, too.

Frēd handēd us the corn. Will handēd us the pippins. We all likēd them. We had some home-mādē eākē, too. And each of us had a eup of milk.

At nīnē, Miss Lē wēnt home.



## LESSON 26.

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TO THE TEACHER. — See paragraph 2 and 3 on page 13 of the Manual; also Phonetic List No. 17.

Fred led the horses down to the crēēk. They nēēded water. They wāded out into the crēēk.

Fred wāited for them. When they eāmē out, he patted them, and led them home.

On the way, he mēt littlē Kate.

“I have the medāl!” crīēd Kate. “I trīēd to be a good girl. I wasn’t sō good as I trīēd to be.

"But the teacher knew that I tried. She praised me for trying. I can keep the medal a week."

"You are like the horses," said Fred, smiling. "You like to be praised and petted. I suppose you like to be fed, too. Would you like this red apple?"

But Kate wouldn't take it.

"You meant it for the horse," said she. "I don't want *all* the good things. The medal is all I need to-day. Give the apple to the horse."



## LESSON 27.

C

TO THE TEACHER. — See paragraphs 2 and 3 on page 13 of the Manual ; also Phonetic List No. 18.

What makes your face so red, Çecil?

I ran a race with Ted.

There isn't much space for racing here. Did you and he tröt side by side?

Ted would not tröt beside me. Sö we ran to and frö.

Do you call that racing? You are fine racers. Which of you beat?

I beat with ēāse. I am the older. Ted thinks he can lēāp over that fēnce.

I see he has lēft his eāp there. Get it, Ted. No eāp less littlē boys for me!



Now ġēāse your playing and come in. I want you to āet like littlē mice. Here is some rice for you. Take this plāċē, Ċēċil. Don't tilt your seat. It is sāfēst to sit still.



## LESSON 28.

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TO THE TEACHER.— See paragraphs 2 and 3 on page 13 of the Manual; also Phonetic List No. 19.

Seat! Seat, I sāy!

What's the mat̄ter, Milt̄n?

Ōh, such fun! The eat cūffēd her kittēn's ēār. Shall I pūmp water on her?

No, no! Isn't she the kittēn's mōthēr? She must teach her kittēn how to āet. What did she cūff her for?





For trying to drink out of  
her cup.



Did the kitten run away?

Not until I said "Seat!" When she ran, the eat  
ran, too. They wēnt under the fēncē.

What good did your unkindness do? The kitten  
will not like you now. She thinks you mēant to  
frighten her.

There is the old eat now. She has lāin down in  
the sun. She is going to give herself a sunning.  
Now she's licking the kitten all over.

She knows how to treat her little one. You cannot  
teach her anything. See the kitten cūddle down to  
her mother.

Well, never mīnd the eats. Let's go nūtting. Each  
pūff of wind seatters a good many nūts.

We must have something to put them in. We  
will take a cōuple of pillōw slips.

Let's go a crōss that clover fīeld.

Now we are in the fōrest.

That isn't a nūt, Milton; it's a lūmp of mūd.

Kēp out of that pūddle, Ted! Don't you see it?

You would go any where for a nŭt. There's mŭd on your kilt, now. You are not the neatest of little boys.

Will you have something to eat?

Yes, please, I will.

Well, here is a nice mŭffin. It is eŭt and buttered.

Mŷ hands are nŭm̃ with the cold.

Never mīnd the nŭm̃ness. The cold makes the nŭts come down. They never fall in sŭm̃er.

Let us do a little running. We shall sŭffer less with the cold. How many nŭts have you found?

I have tēn. When shall we go home?

Not until I have mŷ slip full.

You will not fill it to-day, mŷ lād.



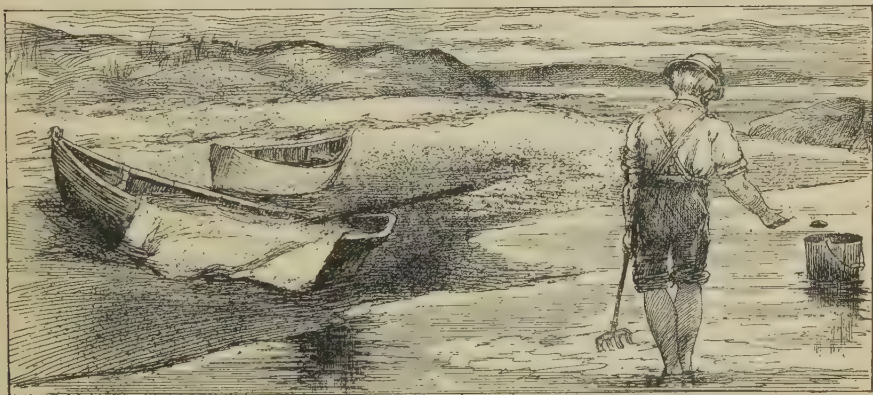
## LESSON 29.

sh	ish
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TO THE TEACHER. — See paragraphs 2 and 3 on page 13 of the Manual ; also Phonetic List No. 20.

Mr. Fisher was a fisherman. He fished day in and day out. He wēnt out to sēā to fish. There he found all the fish he wanted.

At lōw tide he fished for clams. He found them in the mūd. He fēlt for them with his tōēš. He could tell them from stōnēš that way. No stōnē has the shāpē of a clam.



He would take them from the water. He would tōss them into his pail.

Each clam was shūt up tight. Clams never ōpen when the water is shallōw. They wāit untīl the tide comes in. At that tīmē, they ōpen wīdē.

Mr. Fisher sold mōst of his clams. He kēpt some to take home. They were for his wīfē and littlē ones. They were nice and frēsh. They were eatēn with a rēlish.

Sometīmes Mr. Fisher wēnt fishing for shād. He wēnt to the strēam for them. They swam there in shōals. The shād is a shy fish.

Did you ever taste shād rous? Did you like them? Most people think they are nice.



## LESSON 30.

V

TO THE TEACHER. — See paragraphs 2 and 3 on page 13 of the Manual ; also Phonetic List No. 21.

I knew a little Spanish boy named Rol/o. Rol/o is not a Spanish name. I don't know how he came by it.

He had come over the sea to our land. He called it the land of the west.

He told me the name of his own land. He said it was Spain.

He came over in a sailing vessel. The sails were made of a stout cotton stuff. It was called canvas. Steamships have no sails.

Röllō was an honest little fēllōw. I wanted to invite him to mȳ home. Mother said I might do sō.

One evening I wēnt to see him. He had fallen ill with a fēver. He was sick sēvən weeks.

Pēople said he would never get well. Even his mother fēared he would not.

She did many kind things for him. She sāvəd his lifē. But he becamē pēvish. I did not like him any mōrē. Still I visited him.

It did little good. When I spōkē he would not answer me. Sometimes I wanted to shākē him.

One day I found out something. It eāmē upon me like a flāsh. I said to mȳ sēlf, "He cannot hēar!"

I was right. Röllō had lōst his hēaring. He has lōst it for lifē. He will never hēar any mōrē.



## LESSON 31

Nāmē some fruits, my boy.

I will. Apples are fruit. Sō are peachēs. Plūms are fruit, too.

Are beets and beāns and pēās?

I do not know.

What do you know of seeds?

I know that we plant them.

Where do we get them?

We get them from plants. Some

come out of apples and other fruits.

Some come out of pōds. Beans and pēas come from pōds.

What do we plant seeds for?

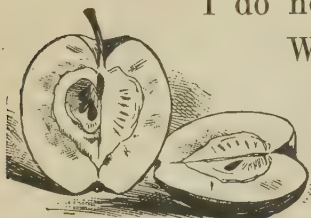
To get mōre plants to give us fruit.

How do we get mōre plants by planting seeds?

The sun heats the seeds. The rāin wets them. They become little plants, and spring up. Each plant has a stēm and lēaves. The sun shīnēs on them; the rāin wets them. The plant gets taller and taller. By and by the fruit comes. We eat the fruit; but we sāve some of the seeds to plant.

Do we not sometīmes eat the seeds themsēlves?

Yes, we do. Beans and pēas are seeds. We eat mōst of them, but not all. If we ate all, we could not plant any. Then there would be no mōre beans and pēas for us.









PICTURE FOR A STORY.

# FIRST READER.

## PART II.

### LESSON I.

Wee Winnie Wimples.

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1 This is little Winnie Wimples. She is a fat and smiling little girl.

2 Do you want to know how old she is? Well, she isn't old at all. She is only one.

3 Winnie is a lively little girl. She is full of play. She romps merrily all day. She is the family pet.



4. Her mother has a nice countrý home. Nēār it, there is a rīver. There is much sand besīde the rīver.

5. Winníe likes to play in it. She plays there every finé sūmmer day. On rāinŷ days, she plays at home.

6. Her play-mate is a kīd. This is her countrý pēt. She has a çitŷ pēt, too. But I must not spēāk of that now.

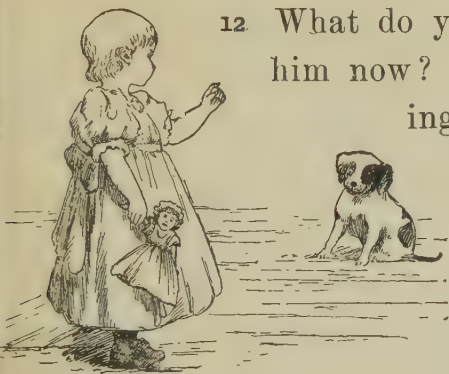
7. The kīd is a timīd little thing. It likes Win-  
níe vērŷ much. But there is some one whom it likes mōre still. It is old mother Nannŷ Goāt.

8. Winníe's mother has a finé çitŷ home, too. She and Winníe līve there in the winter.

9. The çitŷ pēt that I spōke of līves there. It is a līvelŷ little puppŷ. Winníe likes him ēven mōre than she does the kīd.

10. Mr. Puppŷ is an āetīve little dog. He rōmps and plays with Winníe all day. He is much fonder of play than the kīd is. He is not at all timīd, like the kīd.

11. Winníe thinks him a funnŷ little fēllōw. She tells him so as well as she can.



12. What do you think she is s~~ā~~y~~i~~ng to him now? Āl~~i~~ç~~e~~ thinks she is telling him st~~ō~~r~~i~~ç~~e~~s.

13. He looks up at her with sh~~i~~n~~i~~ng ~~e~~y~~e~~s. He seems to listen.

14. Our little girl's "st~~ō~~r~~i~~ç~~e~~s" must be funny

ones. No one but the pup~~p~~y ~~k~~now~~s~~ what they are.

15. Bef~~ō~~r~~e~~ Winni~~e~~'s ç~~i~~t~~y~~ home is another home. It is in a tall trē~~e~~. In it l~~i~~v~~e~~ a moth~~e~~r and f~~i~~v~~e~~ little ones.

16. They all have wings and be~~a~~k~~s~~. All the little ones have down~~y~~ e~~ō~~at~~s~~. The moth~~e~~r's e~~ō~~at is not so s~~ō~~ft.

17. The little ones want to eat all the t~~i~~m~~e~~. The moth~~e~~r gets fl~~i~~e~~s~~ for them. She f~~e~~d~~s~~ them one at a t~~i~~m~~e~~. They k~~e~~ēp her at it all day. Such little eaters you never saw.

18. Winni~~e~~ ~~ō~~ft~~e~~n goes to visit them. When she sees them, she crōw~~s~~. When they s~~ā~~y "p~~e~~çp," she clāps her hands. She wants them, too, for p~~e~~t~~s~~. But she cannot have them. She would not ~~k~~now how to treat them.

## LESSON II.

### The Easter Eggs.

garden	bush	rabbit	then
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1. It was Easter Sunday. Sally and Fred wēnt out in to the garden. What do you think they wēnt to look for?



2. They wēnt to a corner of the garden. There was an old rōse bush there. The limbs of the bush were lōw.

3. Our little friends crept sōftly to the bush. A fat rabbit cāme out from under it. The rabbit slipped away under the fence. Then he seampered ōff in to the field. How he did kick up his heels!

4. "Oh, did you see that?" cried Sally. "Now we shall find some!"



5. Then they lifted the limbs of the rōse bush. They looked under them. There lay a violet egg. Beside it was a crimson one.

6. "Take the one that pleases you mōst," said Sally. She was not a selfish little girl.

7. "I know you are fond of crimson," said Fred. And he picked up the red one for Sally.

8. "I will take the violet one," he said. Sō he picked that one up for him self.

9. Then Sally and Fred ran in. They showed mother and sister the eggs. They told them where they had found them.

10. Čoušín Pēter was there. Now, Čoušín Pēter likes to tēase. When they told him of the rabbit, he said, "Was it a crimson or a violet rabbit?"

11. "Ōh, Čoušín Pēter," cried Fred. "You are only making fun of us. You think there was no rabbit in the garden. But we saw one there. It was under the bush. When it saw us, it ran swiftly out of the garden. I wish you had seen how active it was."

12. "It must have smelt the eggs," said Čoušín Pēter. "Māybe it cāme to eat them. What a pity it was to take them away!"

13. But Sălly and Fred do not think so. They belĭēvē that the rabbit lāĭd the eggs.

14. "Let's strīkē our eggs one upon the other," said Fred. "Then we'll see if they are Ēāster eggs. Are you rěādŷ?"

15. Sălly's egg was crăckēd, and Fred's crūshēd it. It was not crīmṣōn insīdē. It was nēārly full of meat. There was a little ěmptŷ spāzē at one end.

16. "They are like other eggs," said Sălly.

17. "All but the outsīdē," said Fred. "Ĉōmmōn eggs don't have crīmṣōn and vīōlet shells."

18. Sălly and Fred sāvēd the eggs for supper. Then they ate them with a rĕlish.



### LESSON III.

#### Rīchĭē and the Chīcks.

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1. It was a sunnŷ mōrning in the eŕun trŷ. A downŷ little chīck stēppēd out of his egg shell. A pĭēçē of the shell was stīll on his nēck. The other pĭēçēs were in the nest.

2. A little child was nēār. It was our ōwn little Rīchīē. When the chick said "Pēēp!" Rīchīē ran to look.

3. "I cannot reach the lātch," he crīēd. So Sāllý lifted it for him.



4. The nest was in Mäck's stall. Mäck is our chēstnūt horse. He was munching his ōāts when Rīchīē wēnt in. The eōāchman had

gīven him his fōdder, and lēft him to eat it.

5. Rīchīē chūcklēd when he saw the chick and its mother. They were over in the corner of the stall.

6. "I'll cātch that chick!" said he. But he didn't

know how to cōmmēnce the chāse. He was afrāīd of Măck's heels. And the chick would not come out.

7. "I'll cheat it with some corn," he said. So he seattered a little corn outsidē the stall. Then he called, "Here, chick, chick, chick!"

8. But the chick had never seen corn. She did not know what it was. She did not ēven know her ōwn nāmē.

9. "You are right not to come," said Rīchīē. "The corn would chōkē you. You are too little to pick it up. You are not an hour old. I must trȳ some other way. I want you to come out in to the garden pătch. I'd like to see your mother teach you to scrătch. Under the rōsē bush is a good plācē. I'll not let the rabbits chāse you."

10. Lāmē Sammȳ's crūtch was lēaning up in the corner. Rīchīē snătchēd it and ran to the stall. He trīēd to reach the chick with the crūtch. He strētchēd his shōrt arm all he could.

11. Măck did not like the crūtch so nēār him. He lifted one of his fēēt.

12. It was funnȳ then to see Rīchīē run. He never stōppēd until he had sāfely reachēd the pōrch. His mischīēf was ended for that mōrning.

## LESSON IV.

## The Dāĩntỹ Dāĩšỹ.

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1 A sweet little dāĩšỹ lĩvėd in a fĩeld. She smĩlėd and nėddėd there all the sũmmer day. She dėlightėd the eĩyėš of all who wėnt by. She was

Ever chėėrỹ,  
Never drėėrỹ.

2 When the rāĩn drėnchėd her, she did not mĩnd it. She displayėd her wet pėtālš to the sun. His rāĩš kĩssėd them drỹ.



3 On wĩndỹ days she nėddėd and smĩlėd mėrė than ever. Sometimes she lookėd down at the sėd belėw. Then she would rĩšė a new on her slėnder stēm.

4. She seemed to spēak in her dāĩntŷ wāy. She seemed to sāy, "I like to dwell here in the fĭĕld. It is nīcer than the dustŷ rōad. It is a dēarer home than the garden rōsēs have. I shall live and dīe here if they will let me."

5. But one day Dōttŷ Dimple eāme by. She and Dick Dunton were out for a strōl. They saw the dāĩsŷ playing with the wind. Dōttŷ dēcīded she must have it.

6. Dick dāshed over the fēnce to get it. Dāĩsŷ crīed out as he eāme nēar.

7. He rēached out his hand for her.

8. "Plēase do not tōuch me!" she crīed. But he did not hēar her. He plūcked her and eārrīed her to Dōttŷ Dimple.

9. Dōttŷ handled her tēderly, but all in vāĩn. She eārrīed her home and put her stēm into water. But the vāse was not the fĭĕld. In a shōrt tīme Dāĩsŷ was dēad.

On the little dāĩsŷ dēar,

Dōttŷ Dimple drōpped a tēar.

"Had I let her be," she said,

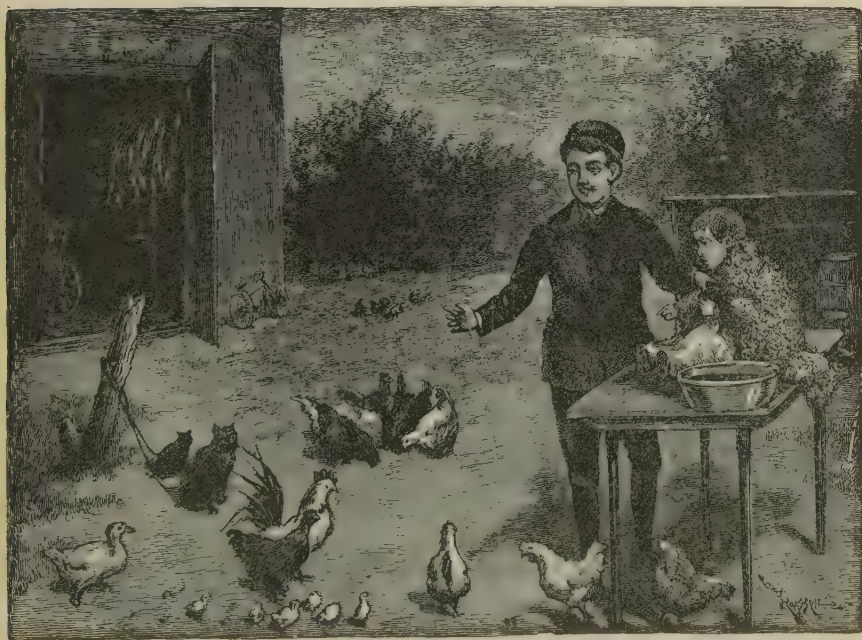
"Dāĩsŷ would not now be dēad."



## LESSON V.

Brother Běn's Shōw.

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1. Bābǔ Bunting wěnt to see the shōw. It was in Brother Běn's bǎck garden. Nobōdǔ wěnt but Běn and Bābǔ Bunting. Shall I tell you all about it?

2. Well, there were some wild beasts, chained up. One was Tabbŷ the black eat. Another was Chip, the kitten.

3. Then there was an ostrich. That was Běn's fat duck.

4. There was a Chīnēse lantern swinging from a tree. It had a lighted candle in it.

5. Of ourselves there were some tumblers. One was Bābŷ's own Jack-on-a-stick. Another was Běn, who went on his hands. Another was Bābŷ himself. He tried to run on all four. He only fell on his nose and cried. Běn told him he was not there to act. "You are to look on," he said; "but you shall play in the band."

6. So Bābŷ Bunting played the fife. Běn beat the drum and knocked on a tin basin. Nērō, the dog, made a merry din, too. It was a fine band.

7. There was a man on spider webs. This was Běn riding his bicycle.

8. Běn fetched a lamb-skin mat from the stoop. He put it on and went on all four. He bleated like a lamb. He roared and bellowed and brayed. He boasted that he was four beasts in one.

9. "Now I am a wild bōar!" he cried. But the lamb skin fell off. This shōwēd the bōdŷ of a boy.

10. He leaped to his fēet, shouting, "Oh I know the best thing of all!" Then he ran in to the kitchēn.

11. When he eāmē back, what do you think he had? A livē lōbster in a pan of water. He wēnt all over the shōw, crŷing, "Lōbster over bōard!"

12. Bābŷ Bunting lookēd at the lōbster. He likēd to see it trŷ to swim. Bēn would not let him put his hand nēar it.

13. "Now you must be the shōw yoursēlf," said Bēn. "Where is that rabbit skin? I want it to wŷrāp the Bābŷ Bunting in. The lamb skin will do."

14. He put the lamb skin over Bābŷ Bunting's shōwlders. Then he plācēd him on a small tāblē. He wāvēd his hands to the chickēns.

15. "Come one, come all!" he said; "Come and look at the ōnly livē Bābŷ Bunting."

16. Mother eāmē out to look for the lōbster. She found her boys in fīnē spīrits. She smīlēd at her Bābŷ Bunting. She said Bēn's shōw was a vērŷ good one. "And how well you mīnd the bābŷ, Mr. Shōwman!" she āddēd.

## LESSON VI.

Brēak fast Tīmē.

Obscure vowels.



1. Tīng-a-līng-a-līng! That's the bēll. Come to brēak fast, brōther.

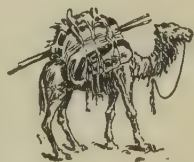
2. Sīt up strāīght. Take your ēlbōws off the tāble.

Lāy your nāpkin so. Take your knīfē in your right hand. Do not reach across the tablē. Hand your plate to the one beside you. Don't make so much a do, my child. Good little boys sit still at meals. They wait until the older people are attended to. You make me ashamed of you. Here is a eup of chocolate.

3. Are there any earaway seeds in this biscuit?

4. Never mind your biscuit until you have eaten your musk melon. Then you must have some oatmeal and milk. Then come the omelet and the cold mutton.

5. Mother tells me mutton is the flesh of sheep. What kind of animal is a sheep? Is it anything like a camel? I saw camels in Lina's atlas. There was a caravan crossing the desert. Every Arab had a camel.



6. No, the camel lives in another climate. The sheep is much smaller and not at all like him.

7. Do we eat the flesh of the buffalo and the lion?

8. Not of the lion. We eat buffalo meat sometimes. But you must not have so much to say. I want to see your breakfast disappear.

9. What kind of salad is that?



10. Ōnly some of farmer Tool's water-crēssēs.
11. I'd like a pīlē of that citron eāke. Shall we have water mēlon for dinner?
12. Māy be so. We'll attend to brēak fast now. One thing at a tīmē, my lād.



## LESSON VII.

### My Drēām.

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1. The a larm-clōck a wōke me at thrē this mōrning. It was not sēt right.
2. The sun was not up, so I lāy still. I trīed to eātch an other nāp befōrē day-light.
3. I fēll a slēep, but not into a dēep slēep. I drēamēd we livēd in a pālāce and it was Chrīstmas.
4. There was a thrōnē in the pālāce. It was on tōp of a silver eōnē. There were stēps on all sīdēs of the eōnē. You can make a eōnē like that with clāy. But you can not make it shīnē as this one did.
5. A king sat up on the thrōnē. He wōrē a fłōwīng



rōbē of crimson vēlvēt. It was trimmēd with bright fēathers. The king had a silver sēpter in his hand.

6. His spēēch was like the rōar-ing of thunder; but his fācē was kind. You have seen it many tīmēs. Think of an old man with a smīling, rōšŷ fācē. A snowŷ flōw ing beārd falls be nēāth the chin. His nāmē is Santa Cl—. Yes, of eōŷrsē you know him well!



7. There he sat upon his thrōnē. He thunderēd to his pēōplē to make rēāđŷ the thēater. They ran here and there to cārŷŷ out his wishēs. They workēd vērŷ willingly.

They mādē belīēvē they were afrāīd, but all were smīling.

8. By and by he thūmpēd on the flōr with his sčēpter. Then he shoutēd, “Ring the bēll!”

9. At the ringing of the bēll there was such a seampering! All the pēople ran to the thrōnē. They seated themselvēs up on the silver stēps.

10. The clōth of silver rōllēd up from the walls. Immēnsē mīrrors were now to be seen on all sīdēs.

11. And what do you think we saw in the mīrrors? It was a sight to make one brēathless.

12. We saw the childrēn of many lands. They were all rēcēīving Chrīstmas playthings. Some were taking them out of stōckings. Others found them on Chrīstmas trēēs. A sick chīld found his on a trāy by his bedsīdē.

13. One little Spanish boy had a līvē pārrōt. A little Dūtch girl had a rēal amēthyst brēast pin. A Frēnch girl had a bunch of pōppiēs for her bōnnēt. Her sister rēcēīvēd a fīnē nāpkin ring.

14. Many girls had dōlls and new sēts of dishēs. Many boys had drūms, swords, rōck ing-horses, and such things. Mōrē than one boy had a bīcycclē.

15. Bābŷ had a rūbber ring to eūt his tēēth upon. Sister had a silver thimble and a nēēdlē-eāse. Brother had a new bläck-bōārd, with rūbber and all.

16. Such a flūtter as the little fōlks were in! Such a skipping and eāpering and crŷing out!

17. We lookēd into all the cōuntriēs where Chrīstmas is kēpt. Old Santa knowŷ them all. He sat on his thrōnē and lookēd upon the “shōw.” He smilēd all over his rōŷŷ, fat fācē. This was his Chrīstmas mōrn-  
ing treat.

## LESSON VIII.

### All at Work.

once	been	sew
eight	says	pretty

1. Are you making that chickēn brōth for Mr. Smīth, Sādīē?

2. Yes, Anniē; he is vērŷ ill. He cannot eat any-  
thing sōlid.

3. The brōth is thin, but there is a thick frōth on it. Shall I skim that off and thrōw it away?

4. Yes, if you plēase. Where have you been all the mōrning? I have not seen you once.



5. Oh, I have been sewing. See, isn't this tāble mat nicely workēd?

6. It is vērŷ pretty indēd. You have mādē the letter E on it. For whom are you working it?

7. For Ěmma Smith. I have now workēd her eight. I have fōur mōre to do. Ěmma says she is nēarly out of fīnē ones.

8. This is vērŷ fīnē work indēd. Are they all as neatly workēd?

9. Oh, yes, I think so. I finishēd the fōurth on the sēcōnd day I workēd upon them. When one once knows how to do this work, it's ēāsŷ. It's no bōther for me to sew. When my sewing is finishēd, I fold

it up neatly. Then, I lāy it away with my thimble and thrēad.

10. Are thēsē mats as finē as mother's?

11. Yes, but the stitching is not so pretty. Mother says hers are the nīcest she has ever seen. But one never finds the sāmē kind more than once. I have been several days looking for thēsē. You see there is a pretty wrēath in each corner.

12. It is a good thing to be āblē to sew. Bōth Ėmma and I can sew věry well. But nēither of us can sing.

13. Well, it is tīmē to take Mr. Smīth his broth. I shall have to lēavē you. I wish you would come with me. The wēather is finē and the thrūshēs are singing.

14. I cannot go. Here is Tōmmŷ crŷing. He has thrust something into his thūmb. I must take it out for him. He has been picking thistlēs, I suppōsē. Hear what he has to sāy. Where have you been, Tōmmŷ?

15. I've been over in the mēadōw, finding thistlēs for Rōsē. See, I have eight pretty ones. When I was picking the nīnth, I prickēd myself. See how my thūmb is blēding.

16. You did that once befōrē. Will you never know any bētter? How old are you, prāy?

17. I was eight yesterday. That's pretty old, I know. I'll not cry any more. Wait till you hear what Rose says about these thistles! She is going to dress them for mother. They will come out like snow-balls.



## LESSON IX.

### Looking at the Ships.

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1. Fanny and Frank have come down to the sea-shore. They have been here about an hour. Fanny left her sewing to come. They are sitting on this bank to see the ships go by. Some are sailing vessels, and some are steamers.

2. There is a strong wind blowing. The sailing ships fly swiftly along before it. The children have seen eight go by within the hour. The sight is a pretty one.

3. Fanny does not like the steamers much. She says the black smoke they make is not pretty.

4. Frank likes them better than the other vessels. He sees a cannon on one of them. At sunset, the



cannon says “Bắng!” Frănk says, “Thănk you! I like that song.”

5. Fănny puts her hands over her eăars. She says the cannon deafens her.

6. Is that a pilot boat coming a shore?



7. Yes; it is a pilot boat. But it is not coming this way. It is going toward the river. Before long, it will reach the bay.

8. Is that a barrel out there? See it appear and go out of sight once more. There is something in it. I believe it is a bell. I hear a tinkling.

9. Yes, the bārrel is ānehōrēd. The bēll is rūng by every wāvē that lifts it. The water is shallōw there. You see the bārrel is pāinted red. That is to make it ēāsŷ to see. The ships kēēp away from that spōt. At night they hear the bēll.

10. Once a ship sānk there. It struck on the rōcks at lōw tīdē. That was befōrē the bārrel was ānehōrēd there.



## LESSON X.

### The Dōnkeŷ.

busy	business
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1. There was once a dōnkeŷ that liked to brāy.
2. "What do you brāy so much for?" said his ōwn er one day.
3. The dōnkeŷ ōnly brāyēd again. That was his way of answering. His ōwn er was a busy man. There was much for him and the dōnkeŷ to do. He had little tīmē to listēn to the brāying.
4. He did listēn some tīmēs, however. He knew that

the brāying was the dōnkēy's spēch. He wanted to understand what his dōnkēy měant.

5. At lěngth, one day, the dōnkēy said something věry plāinly. He said, "I work for you all day. This is my business as well as yours."



6. "You must give me what I make. That silver the pēople give you is bright and pretty. Some of it is mīnē. I want it."

7. "Here we are on the brīnk of a strēam. We have been here eighty or nīnety tīmēs. I have drūnk of this

water many a tīme.” As he brāyēd thus, he drānk again.

8. “It is a pretty strēam,” he wēnt on. “I have crōssēd it on this plānk. I have eārriēd your lōads over, slūng on my back.

9. “You have drīvēn me acrōss again and again. You have never thānkēd me. You make me do all the work. But all the pāy you take yoursēlf. I fēel that this is wrōng. I must spēak out against it.

10. “Some day this plānk may brēak. Then my lōad and I will go down. We shall sīnk and be eārriēd down the eūrent.

11. “I don’t like to think of that. This is not a sāfē business. If you kēep me busy at it, you must pāy me well.



12. “I will not crōss this plānk again. I will not eārriy your lōad over. I will not do any thing more untīl you pāy me bētter. You must dīvīdē all that sīlver with me.”

13. “What would you do with the sīlver?” said the man.

14. “I would eat it, of cōurse,” brāyēd the dōnkēy.

15. "That is all a dōnkēy knows!" said the man.  
 "Here, take this pļēč between your tēth. See if  
 you think it good fōdder."

16. The dōnkēy clōsēd his tēth on the pļēč of silver.  
 He lookēd blānk. He had eatēn bēttēr fōdder than that.

17. "It isn't so good as grass and ōāts and corn," he  
brāyēd.

18. "Well, then, suppōsē you lēāvē me the silver,"  
 said his ōwner. "I will give you all the grass and  
 corn and ōāts you can eat. Taking the silver is my  
 business."

19. The dōnkēy blīnkēd a good dēāl. He brāyēd no  
 more. He wēnt over the plānk, and it did not brēāk.



## LESSON XI.

### The Bāgpipē.

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1. Grāčē was sewing on the ēāst pōrch. She stōppēd  
 her work and lookēd tōward the lānē. She was listēn-  
ing to the gēēšē.



2. "What are they gābbling so for?" she said to herself.

3. The lātch clickēd, the gate ōpēnēd, and in stēppēd a man. Grācē had never seen him be fōrē.

4. "I be lēvē he is a bēggar," she said. "What a bīg man! And how ōddly he is drēssēd! And what is that over his shōūlder?"

5. It was a bāg-pīpē. Did you ever hear one? The cūt will shōw you how it looks. You see the man has on a kilt and a sāsh. How do you like the way his fēet are drēssēd. Do you think his cāp pretty?

6. He was not a bēggar. He said he would play for



Grācē. She might pāy him with a dinner. Grācē callēd her mother. Nērō eāmē out, too, wāgging his tail eāgerly.

7. Mother was dēlighted when she saw the man. She knew right away where he eāmē from.

8. "You are a Seōtchman," she said.

9. "Yes, I'm from Seōtland," rēplīd the man, smīling. "I kēēp on my nātivē dress to shōw it. The pēōplē of your countrȳ like to look at it. But they don't want it for themsēlvēs."

10. His spēēch was as odd as his dress. But Grācē likēd it. I suppōsē that pēōplē in Seōtland would think our spēēch odd.

11. "I think the Seōtch dress is vērȳ pretty," said mother. "And I am glād you are going to play for us. Plēāsē beēin."

12. The way that bāg-pīpē scrēēchēd was vērȳ funnȳ. Grācē sprāng to her fēēt. She clāppēd her hands to her ēars. She was going to run away. But she stōppēd to look at her mother.

13. Mother's ēyēs were saying, "Think of the man's fēēlings. Never mīnd your ōwn. Sit down again and listēn. Don't forget your mānners."

14. So Grācē sat down and smīlēd at the man. But Nērō was not so pōlitē. He put up his nosē and howlēd. He seemēd to be trȳing to out-do the bāg-pīpē. He had never sūng such a sōng befōrē. Then he trīēd to drīvē the man away.

15. "Be gōnē!" he said, as plāīnly as a dog can spēāk. And he said it over and over again. Then he mādē as if he would bītē the man's lēgs.

16. "Your dog does not like my playing," said the man.

17. "No," said mother, "he has ōnly a dog's tāstē. But we thānk you vērȳ much. Now you must have something to eat. Līē down, Nērō."

18. Lūnch was nēārly rēādȳ. Grācē gāvē the Seōtchman some grīddlē ēākēs to be gīn with. Then she gāvē him some beēf-stēāk and pōtātō, with grāvȳ.

19. As the Seōtchman ate thēsē good things, he told stōrīēs of Seōtland. He prāīšēd her herōēs, who had many tīmēs sāvēd his cōuntrȳ. He brāggēd of Seōtland's glōrȳ and shōwēd the Seōtch flāg. Grācē thinks our flāg much fīner.

## LESSON XII.

Jāmīē.

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1. Jāmīē was a little nēgrō boy. He lived with his mother in a small frāmē cōttagē.

2. He was a ġēnerōus little fēllōw. He likēd ġīngēr-b r e a d, but would give Jānē all he had.

3. Jānē was his sīstēr. He never grūdġēd her any thing. "That would be stīngŷ," he said.

He callēd her Jēnnŷ for a pēt nāmē.

4. Of cōŷrse Jānē was a little nēgrēss. She was a jōlly little rōġuē, full of fun and mīschīēf. She likēd to play jōkēs on Jāmīē.



5. One day, a gēntlēman drōv up to the eōttaġē. Jāmī's mōthēr was standing in the dōr way.

6. "I want to ēngāġē a small boy," said the gēntlēman. "He will have to rīdē in my cārriāġē with me. Every tīmē I stōp and get out, he will mīnd the horse. When we reach home, he will take him to the stāblē. Then he will sit just insīdē my dōr and answēr the bēll. He will have to do this from twēlvē to thrēē. My ōffīcē hōurs are from twēlvē to thrēē."

7. "Jāmī is ōnly eight," said the little boy's mōthēr. "He is too small to go to work."

8. "He is as bīġ as mōst boys of tēn," said the gēntlēman. "So much rīdīng in my būġġy will do him good. An out-of-dōr līfē will make him grōw."

9. "But he can not rēād vērŷ well," said the mōthēr.

10. "I'll teach him to rēād, and more things besīdēs," said the gēntlēman. "I want him. He is clēan and neat. His teachēr tells me he is a good boy. I hear he is kind to his sīstēr. He is a little gēntlēman. I like him and will be good to him."

11. The mōthēr did not ōbjēct any more. Jāmī wēnt to līvē with the strāngē gēntlēman.

12. Little Jēnnŷ had no one now to play trīcks upon.

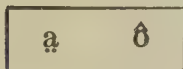
She missed her brother all day long. She was very sad and lonely with out him.

13. Jāmīš saved up his wāgēs. He gāvē his sister a māgpīš in a gilded eāgē. This was to pāy her for fēd-ing his pīgēons.



## LESSON XIII.

### The Māgpīš.



1. Jěnnŷ's māgpīš knew how to talk. It was always chattering. It had about fortŷ funnŷ sayings.

2. It liked to have gāydŷ things in its eāgē. Jāmīš brought it bright beads to play with. Jěnnŷ gāvē it scrāps of gāy ribbōns and drēss goods.

3. When Jěnnŷ's mother selded her, the māgpīš would seld, too. It would ell out, "Don't be naughtŷ. Don't be naughtŷ." Ôr it would cry, "You ôught to prāy! You ôught to prāy!" Some one had taught it to sāy thēse things.

4. When Jěnnŷ playēd with her rāg dōll, it would

say, “Flōg your daughter! Flōg your daughter!” But Jēnnŷ was too fond of her daughter to flōg her.

5. When the kēttlē būbbled over, the māgpīē would



say, “Thaw it out! Thaw it out!” It did not know what “thaw” means.

6. Some times it would shout, “Tōm Thūmb’s a dwarf! Tōm Thūmb’s a dwarf!” Again, it would be, “The gīant’s up the bean-stalk! The gīant’s up the bean-stalk!”

7. “Where is the bean-stalk?” said Jēnnŷ, one day.

8. “Paūl’s a paūper! Paūl’s a paūper!” rēplīed the māgpīē.

9. “Oh you sily bird!” crīed Jēnnŷ.

10. “I’m a jack daw! I’m a jack daw!” said he.



11. "No, you're not," said Jěnnŷ. "You're only a silly mǎgpīŷ."

12. "Jělly and jam! Jělly and jam!" cried the mǎgpīŷ.

13. "But where's the be~~an~~-sta~~lk~~?" said Jěnnŷ.

14. "Put salt on it! Put salt on it!" replied the bird.

15. "Yes, I g~~u~~ess that's the way they caught you," said Jěnnŷ. "They put salt on your tail."



## LESSON XIV.

Hǎrrŷ's "Good-Night!"

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1. Hǎrrŷ had been h~~el~~ping his mother all day. It was almōst bedtīme, and he was tīred.

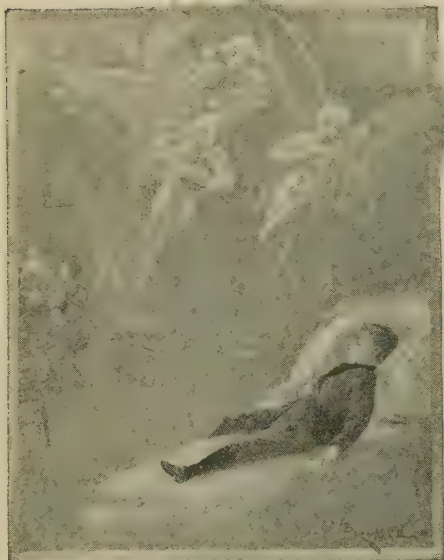
2. He had chōpp~~ed~~ the meat for the hāsh. He had whīpp~~ed~~ the crēam and bā~~k~~ed the b~~u~~ckw~~heat-eā~~k~~es.~~

3. He had brō~~u~~gh~~t~~ in eigh~~t~~ēn h~~ea~~vŷ pails of water. He had whitt~~l~~ed a stick to stōp a hō~~l~~e in the pūmp.

4. He had drīven the h~~ei~~fers to the fī~~el~~d in the mōrning. He had brō~~u~~gh~~t~~ them bā~~ck~~ at night.

5. He had held the baby while mother got the dinner ready. He had fed the hens and driven away a chicken-hawk.

6. He had whistled happily at his work most of the day. He liked to keep busy. Mother said he was the best helper she had.



7. All the work was finished up now. Mother said she would play for him a while on the organ. She said he might lie down and rest.

8. Harry fell asleep and dreamed he was in heaven. He thought the

organ was played by angels with white wings.

9. It was his mother playing sweet hymns. At length she stopped and closed the organ.

10. Then she wakened Harry and sent him to bed. She followed him for the good-night kiss. Before she left him, she tucked him up nicely.

11. Hărrÿ was almōst too tīrēd and slēēpÿ to know who it was. But he managēd to whisper, “Good-night, mother.”



## LESSON XV.

### The Āpril Shower.

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1. “Rāĭn, rāĭn, go a way;  
Come again another day.”

2. That was what Ġêôrgē Brown said one day in Āpril. The clouds had gātherēd just as he wanted to go out. And now the tīnÿ drōps were pattering upon the sīdē-walk. It was a bout fōur o’clock.

3. His kītē was all rēādÿ. The string was wound neatly around the stick. The tail had plēntÿ of pāper bōbs in it. He had mādē that tail him sēlf.

4. His kītē was a handsome red and whītē one. It had a gilt crown and a rāĭnbōw on it. The sticks were thin. Ġêôrgē knew it must be a good flīer.

5. And now the ground was wet, and the skȳ was wetter.

6. "Such wēather!" criēd Ĝēôrĝē.

7. "No doubt the dūcks like it," said his sister Hēlēn.



8. "I'm not a dūck, and I don't want to be drownēd," said Ĝēôrĝē. "And I don't want to get my new kīte wet ēither. And I don't want to stay in the house. This rāin would make any fēllōw growl."

9. "Yes, it would prōvōkē a sāint," said Hēlēn.

"Let's bōth growl tōĝēther. Or, you growl whīlē I howl."

10. "That would make a pretty row," said Ĝēôrĝē.

“But I fēel too cröss to jōkē about it. I hate thēsē showerŷ days! I’m going up to bed.”

11. He shūfflēd off sūlkily up the hall. It was not lōng befōrē he had his night-gown on. Then he rēally gōt in to bed.

12. In a little whilē Hēlēn tiptōēd up to his bedsidē.

13. “Dēār, sick brother!” she whisperēd. “You have been so ill! You were talkīng wildly just a little whilē ago. You frownēd and whinēd and behavēd vērŷ oddly. But you are resting ēāsily, now. Have eōūrāgē, and you will get well.”

14. Hēlēn was al ways doing and saying funnŷ things. Gēōrgē kēpt still to see what ēlsē she would say.

15. “How drowsŷ you are sincē your lōng illness!” she wēnt on. “The fēver brōught you vērŷ lōw. But your brow is no lōngēr hōt.”

16. She lāid her hand up on his fōrēhēad as she spokē. Then she wēnt to the tāblē.

17. “I must give you an ounce of this powder,” she said. “I supposē a pound would be bētter.”

18. She triēd to put some of the powder in to Gēōrgē’s mouth. At this he gīgglēd.

19. “Oh Hēlēn!” he criēd. “Do you think I am

going to take that raw flour? What are you prowling around here for, any way?"

20. "There!" said Hēlēn, "I knew you would be well before long. You don't need the powder now. I'll make dough of it for the fowls. Here is a towel to wipe your lips."

21. "But you don't know what has happened! The south wind has blown the clouds away. A thousand sun beams are shining in the glistening rain drops. There is a glorious rain bow in the eastern sky. Hurry on your trousers and come see it."

22. It did not take Gēôrgē long to be dressed again. The rain bow was gone when he reached the east porch. But the sky was clear.

23. He remained for a moment looking up and down the street. On one side of the road were many puddles. These would wet his kite tail if it happened to drag in them.

24. The other side was higher. It had already become pretty dry. Gēôrgē thought he might keep to that side of the road.

25. "There's still time to try my kite before supper," said he. And off he went with it.



## LESSON XVI.

## Ruth and her Garden.

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1. There grew two rōsēs in the light,  
     Hō! the wind and the wēather!  
 And one was red and one was whitē,  
 And they shōnē in the sun toġēther.

2. The two rōsēs  
grew in Ruth May's  
 garden. Ruth was a  
 Jewish māiden. She  
 was fond of flowers  
 and had many pretty  
 rōsēs.

3. She kēpt the  
 rōots well waterēd.  
 The bushēs were al-  
 ways hēalthy. They  
 bōrē plēnty of blōssoms. Many rōsēs were in blōm  
 at the sāmē timē.



4. Ruth wōrē one at her thrōat every ēvening. She likēd the red ones best. That was because she was a brunēttē.

5. She tēnded her flowers all the fōrēnoon.

6. She prunēd her vīnēs and bushēs. She rēmōvēd all the wēdds. She loōsēnēd the grōund abōut the tēnder shōōts. She imprōvēd the shāpēs of the flower beds.

7. She had a bed of liljēs of the vällēy. This was shāpēd like a horse shōē.

8. She had some gōōsēbērry bushēs. There was one evergrēēn trēē for shādē. It was a sprūcē. Under it, there was a nice grēēn bēnch.

9. The garden was pretty, ēvēn by mōōn light. It was a coōl plācē sūmmer ēvēnings, too.

10. Mr. May and his daūghter ōftēn had sūpper in the garden. Ruth wōld sēt the tāblē under the sprūcē trēē. She was a good little hōusēkēēper. Mr. May was vēry prōud of her.

11. Mr. May kēpt a jewēlry stōrē. There were some handsōme rubjēs in his shōw-cāsē.

12. Ruth ādmīrēd her flowers more than all the jewēls.

## LESSON XVII.

What the Winds Bring.

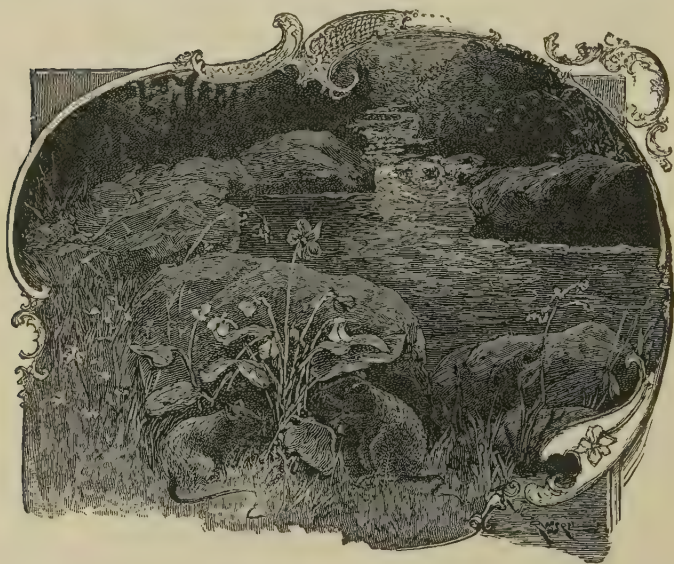
1. Which is the wind that brings the cold?  
The nôth wind, Fred; and it brings the snow,  
The sheep will seamper in to the fold,  
When the nôth wind begins to blōw.
2. Which is the wind that brings the heat?  
The south wind, Kātŷ, and corn will grōw,  
And peachĕs reddēn for you to eat,  
When the south wind begins to blōw.
3. Which is the wind that brings the rāĭn?  
The ēast wind, Fannŷ, and farmers know  
That cows come shĭv'ring up the lānĕ,  
When the ēast wind begins to blōw.
4. Which is the wind that brings the flow'rs?  
The west wind, Bĕssiĕ, and sōft and lōw,  
The birds sing in the summer bow'rs,  
When the west wind begins to blōw.

— E. C. Stedman.

## LESSON XVIII.

## The Wōðd Viōlet.

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1. A bāshful viōlet lived in a wōðd. A chēerful little brook sāng nēār it.

2. A eoðper's wōððen hūtt stōðð at no grēāt dīstāñçē. The viōlet could hēār the eoðper at his work. He was al ways putting hōðps on bārrels.

3. It was a peaceful nook where the violet spent her life. She grew be hind some friendly rocks.

4. Some times the playful wood-mice came to visit her. She could shade them nicely with her broad leaves.

5. Some times a beetle or a lady-bug came that way. The violet welcomed them all.

6. Once a wild rabbit brushed rudely by. He shook all her leaves. He nearly broke a stem or two.



7. "Never mind," said the violet, "he knows no better." And she bent kindly over the bugs and beetles and wood-mice again.

8. Soon a more dreadful thing than this happened. A eaterpillar crawled over one of her leaves. When he came to a good place, he began to eat the leaf.

9. "Oh dear!" cried the violet, for this didn't feel a bit good. But she didn't say any thing a bout a "horrid eaterpillar."

10. She knew the eaterpillar would soon spin him self a cocoon. Then he would stop making holes in her leaves.

11. When summer came again the cocoon would open.

A gorgeous butterfly would come out. The butterfly would help the violets to grow and scatter seed.

12. "Butterflies help violets," she said to herself. "Violets ought to be grateful and help butterflies."

13. So she held her leaf steady, and the caterpillar nibbled a way.

14. One day, Little Red Ridinghood came that way. She was on her way to her grandmother's. She had a bunch of wild flowers in her hand. That was before she met the wolf.

15. She spied the modest little violet behind the rock. She pushed aside the leaves and pulled every blissom.

16. "Oh, how pleased my grandmother will be with these violets!" said she.

17. Each blissom gave a great sob as it left its mother.

18. "We shall never see our dear mother again," sighed the poor things. "We shall never see our dear bugs and beetles any more. The wood-mice will look up and see only leaves. We shall never come back to our peaceful woodland home.

19. "We don't like the warmth of Little Red Ridinghood's hand. It is not good for us. It makes us droop



and sicken. She will put us into a vase of water. That will refresh us, but only for a little while. We can not live long a way from our mother."

20. The mother plant stayed at home and mourned. Tears came from the broken stems.

21. "My children are all gone," she said in sorrowful tones. "It is very sad and lonely here with out them. I can have no more this season. I may as well go to sleep for the winter."

22. So she with drew the life from the leaves. They soon drooped and withered. Then they dried and became brown. When the rabbit came bounding by again, they crackled under his feet.



## LESSON XIX.

### A drift.

1. I am not Robinson Crusoe. I wish I were. Crusoe found an island to live on. I don't see any land at all.

2. Yesterday this was all dry land. In the night the water came and overflowed every thing. Look at



my ōwner's house.  
I ran there to get  
a way from the  
water.

3. This shoe was  
in the pōrch. My  
ōwner always puts  
his shoes there.

4. The water fōl-  
lōwed me into the

pōrch. I jūmpēd up on this shoe to kēep dry.

5. Mōre and mōre water eāme in. It could not wet  
the tōp of the shoe. It could ōnly lift the shoe. The  
shoe rōse with the water and floāted out of the pōrch.

6. It makes a good bōat, but what plāce shall I sail  
to? There is no one at home. Every one wēnt a way  
in bōats. The sēcōnd stōry is full of water.

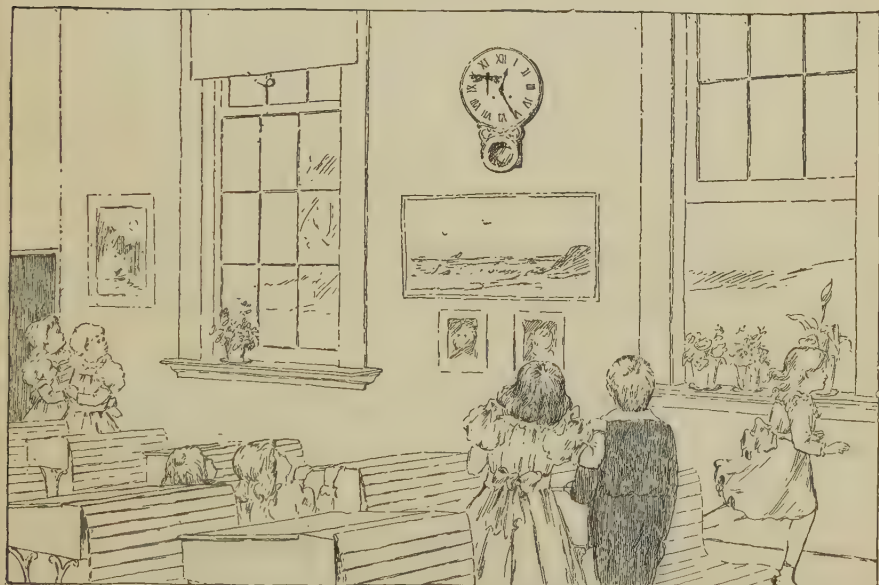
7. They call this cōuntrȳ Hōlland. They say this  
pīce of it was stōlen. Stōlen from the sēa. I think  
the sēa has gōt it bāck again.

8. I wish they had not stōlen it. Then I might have  
been bōrn some where ēlse. What is going to become  
of me?

## LESSON XX.

The Drăgon Flȳ.

mosquito



1. Oh dēār! I am so frīghtēnēd! This is the strāngest plācē I ever was in. How shall I ever get out again?

2. I eāmē in at one of thōsē bīg ōpēnings. When I trīēd to flȳ out again, something stōppēd me. I could not see it, but I could fēēl it.

3. It ġōt right in my way. I bŭmpēd against it over and over again. The bŭmping mādē me ġiddŷ.

4. Dēār me! I am so tīrēd! I shall have to rest or I shall drōp.

5. I will sēttlē on this ōdd-looking thing on the wall. What's the matter with the old thing, any how? It says tick-tōck, tick-tōck, all the tīmē. I think it must be ġiddŷ too. But it doesn't seem to get tīrēd.

6. What ails thōsē childrēn? What makes them crēep under thōsē things? I do belġēvē they'rē a frāġd of me!

7. Now isn't that a good jōkē! Such ġiānts as they are to fēār little me! If they ōnly ~~k~~new how a frāġd I am of them!

8. Well, they will not harm me; that's clēār. They are too bādly frightēnēd to ēvēn trŷ. Now I can think what to do.

9. Whŷ, there's that mosquito I ēāmē in here for. I'll ēāġh him and eat him. Then I'll trŷ to find my way out.

10. I'll not bŭmp my hěād any mōrē. Oh no! I know too mŭch for that now. I'll just crawl over that thing that stōps me. By and by, I'll come to the hōlē where I ġōt in. Then out I'll go and a way I'll flŷ to the měādōwŝ.

11. There I shall find plěntŷ of mosquitos. I do like mosquitos. I mean I like to dīnē on them. They say mēn hate them. Then mēn ōught to like me. I kill so many mosquitos for them.

12. I wish I could spēāk. I'd tell thōsē childrēn what a friēnd I am to them. Then they would not fēār me so much.

13. Whŷ, my dēār Mr. Mosquito! You are here just in tīmē. My fright is over, and I am hŭngrŷ. Now I have you.

14. Your singing and bīting are finishēd. There! Now you are finishēd your-sēlf. No one will ever liē a wākē for you, again.

15. Well, well! Here's the věry hōlē I eāmē in at. Now I think I'll be ōff. Good-by, silly childrēn. I'm as hăppŷ to go as you are to have me go. You will never see me here again.

## LESSON XXI.

The Turkey's Misgivings.

Turkey	Thanksgiving
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1. Gōb blē, gōb blē, gōb blē! They say Thanksgiving Day is coming. I'd like to know what that means.

Some how, I do not like the sound of it.

2. The childrēn cannot talk of anything ēlsē. Ēven Rover seems to wish it were here.

3. The other fowls don't seem to think much about it. I think they ought to.

4. Yes, we must find out what is going on. I think I will call a meeting of fowls. The pīg, too, shall attend if he likes.

5. I will get up on that stūmp and make a spēch.





I will tell my friends what I think. I will say I fēār we are in dānger. I will state what we shōuld do.



6. My good friends, I am glād to see you all here. Mr. Pīg is not a fowl, but he is welcome. I wish to have a shōrt talk with you.

7. You have all heard this chatter about Thanksgiving Day. I want to find out what it means. I am going to try. I think you ought to help me.

a. I fēār we are all in grēāt dānger. Pēople look at me in a way I do not like. So they do at you.

9. Jack had some thyme in his hand yesterday. He looked at it and then at me. Then he said something about Thanksgiving. Then he smacked his lips.

10. May was gathering sage the other day. She looked from it to Mrs. Goose. Then she looked from Mrs. Goose to the sage. Then she said, "I don't know how to wait." Then she smacked her lips and sighed.

11. Tom was picking up apples one day. Mr. Pig was rooting in the ground near by. Tom was talking to himself. I heard roast and apple-sauce. Then he, too, smacked his lips.

12. I fear that all this means something very sad for us. Indeed, I almost know it does. I begin to think that these people mean to eat us.

13. Now let us all listen to every thing they say. Then some of us will find out what they mean. If I am right, we shall soon know it.

14. Then we will run away to the woods. There we can live in peace. We shall have to work for our food, of course. It will not be brought to us, as it is here. We shall not have a roof over our heads at night. But there will be something to make up for all this. We shall never again hear of Thanksgiving Day.

## LESSON XXII.

The Mischievous Puppies.

yard	watch
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1. Once upon a time there were two little dogs. They were named Jippý and Jimmý. They lived in a lumber yard. It was near the river by a dock.

2. The mother of the puppies was an Irish setter. She was kept in the yard, because she was a good watch-dog. She was chained to her kennel. This was a home for her and her children.

3. The puppies played close by. They never thought of running away. They had never seen anything but lumber. They did not know there was anything else to see.

4. One day the mother dog had to go away with her owner. She did not like to leave her puppies. She feared they would get into mischief while she was away.

5. And so, indeed, they did. They found a way out of the yard, and ran off to the dock. There they saw

some lōgs flōating in the water. They thought it would be fun to play on them.

6. So it was for a little whilē. They jūmpēd a bout, full of glēē. They barked with dēlight. They sniffēd at every thing they saw.

7. But they soon tired of all this. Then they playēd as they did in the lumber yard. They wrestlēd and triēd to thrōw each other down.

8. This was too much for the lōgs. One of them rollēd over. Souse wēnt the puppies into the water. They were dreadfully frightenēd. They had never been so wet and cold.

9. Such looking puppies as they were when they clamberēd out! Dripping and shivering they started for home. All the way they ran, cryīng kī-ī, kī-ī.

10. When they reachēd home, they shook themselves well. Then they lay down in the sun. This dried them, and they fēll asleep. When they awoke, the mother dog was home.

11. They told her all that had happēnēd. She kissēd them bōth, dog fāshion. Then she said, "You were naughty to run away." At this they whinēd. Then she added, "But you were good not to get drownēd."

## LESSON XXIII.

## Living in a Flat.



1. Sādīe Russell is a little city girl. She lives in what is called a flat. The house is a very tall one. Ten families can live in it.

2. Each flat is a whole floor. Each has seven rooms. Sādīe has a little bedroom all to herself. She thinks this very fine. But there are some other things that she does not like so well.



3. She has to kēp věř still all the timē. The landlōrd will not let her rōmp. The pēople in the other flats would not like to heār her.

4. She cannot play in the hall or on the stoop. And there is no garden to play in. Her ōnly play-plācē is the roōf. This, however, is mādē sāfē for the childrēn.

5. There is a railing like a fēncē all arōund it. So there is no dānger that they will fall ōff.

6. The roōf is mādē of tin. There is a flōōr of slats lāyd on it. This is to run abōut upon.

7. The childrēn can play at hīdē and seek. They hīdē behīnd the chimnēys. They can play tāg, too, and many other gāmēs. But they cannot play on the roōf when the sun is hōt.

8. Sādīē likes the kītchen ālmost as well as the roōf. She says it is the līvēliēst roōm in the flat. There is ālways something going on there.

9. There is a pretty bēll on the kītchen wall. Be-nēath it is a buttōn. When the bēll sounds, the little girl runs to the kītchen. She prēssēs the buttōn. This ōpens the strēēt dōōr. Sādīē knows that some one is wāitng there to come in.



10. Soon she hears another bell. Then she runs to the hall door. She opens it and lets the caller in.

11. Sometimes Sadié hears a loud whistle. This, too, is in the kitchen. It means "Come to the dumb waiter." Sadié runs, but the cook is there before her.

12. The dumb waiter is a little closet. Most closets stand still. This one goes up and down from the top of the house to the bottom. It is moved by a rope.

13. The cook calls down, "Who is it?" Sometimes it is the grocer. He places the groceries in the dumb waiter. The cook pulls them up and calls out, "All right!"

14. One day, the cook put Sadié in the dumb waiter. She let her all the way down, and then pulled her up again.



15. "I want to go higher," said Sādīŕ. So the eoŕk pulled the rōpē. Up wēnt the little girl to the tōp of the house. Then the eoŕk let her down again and tōŕk her ōff.



## LESSON XXIV.

### The Little Ěskīmō.

father
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1. This little boy is an Ěskīmō. He līvēs a grēāt way nōrth of us.

2. It is vĕrŕ eold there. The boy's clōthēs, you see, are mādē of skīn<sub>s</sub>. They are much wārmer than our clōthēs.

3. The whītē mound you see, is his home. It is mādē of snow. That is all there is to build with in his eountrŕ.

4. One would think that the snow hou<sub>s</sub>ēs would mēlt. But they never do.

5. The Ěskīmō eats meat and fish. Thēsē are not eoŕkēd for him as our fōōd is for us.

6. His father eaŧchēs sēals. Thēsē anīmalſ līvē in the water. He eaŧchēs some land anīmalſ, too. He alsō eaŧchēs fish. Thēsē are all for foōd. He spēnds mōst of his tīmē in this way.



7. This little boy sometīmes goes out rīdīng. He has dogs for horses. The dogs are bīg and powerful.

8. The Ėskīmōſ alwāys līvē nēar the water. The water has ice over it, or in it, ēvēn in sūmmer.

9. The Ėskīmō likes to līvē where it is cold. You think this strāngē, I suppōſē.

10. Well, you like to live where it is warm. Now he would think that strānge if he ~~k~~new it. But he does not know anything about it. He is a little savage.



THE PET BIRD.

Meyer von Bremen.









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